JULIET GRENVILLE.

VOL. II.

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JULIET GRENVILLE:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF THE

HUMAN HEART.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MR. BROOKE.

VOL. II.

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M DCC LXXIV.

BR. MUS.

JULIET GRENVILLE.

ON the eve of the following day, colonel Wood returned; and, within two days more, the whole army came dropping in, in ſmall parties, one after the other.

My battalion, of their own motion, had contributed a very rich and ſumptuous donation, whereof they made me an offering in the preſence of prince Aſthmet. I was deeply diſtreſſed thereby. It inſtantly ſtruck me, that my refuſal would give them great offence, and alſo carry the appearance of pride and ingratitude. After a ſhort pauſe,

I raiſed my eyes to them: My brothers, ſaid I, every inſtance of your affection is very dear to me; and the great value of this gift is doubly eſtimable, as it ſhews the high value at which ye rate your friend. But, if theſe matters have been gleaned from deſolation and diſtreſs, I would to heaven I could replace them in the hands of their late owners, together with as large a portion of my own ſubſtance, provided it might ſerve to expiate for any fault you may have committed in the acquiſition.

As our general came daily to pay his compliments to the Indian prince, we ſoon began to enter on a treaty of amity; and in a ſhort ſpace, by the mediation of Aſthmet, we concluded an advantageous peace with the Morattoes.

We then prepared to decamp, and, at the head of fifty horſe, I eſcorted my royal friend to his own palace.

The lovely Savinniè had heard of our approach, but came not forth to receive us; ſhe ſat pale and panting within. Aſthmet flew to embrace her, and, ſoon after, returned to conduct me to his beloved. She advanced toward me with an affectionate fervour in her mien, as it were to receive a long abſent brother. She repeatedly embraced and careſſed me, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, while Aſthmet's aſpect glowed and his eyes ſparkled with delight. Welcome, O, welcome, ſhe cried, thou dear preſerver of Savinniè! preſerver of more than life, of more than the world's whole wealth in her Aſthmet!

She then withdrew, to change her mourning weeds for the apparel of feſtivity; and, in an hour ſhe returned, preceeded by a banquet, and doubling the day as well by the luſtre of her eyes and ſmiles, as by the conſtellation of gems in which ſhe broke upon us.

I avow to you, madam, I know no conſideration, merely lucrative, which I would have taken in exchange of the delight my ſoul enjoyed in the ſociety of that royal and incomparable pair. My ſenſes and ſentiments grew daily more enlarged, more exalted, more refined, while I was with them. Their looks ſpoke to me, and before me, a language till then unknown, a new intercourſe of delicate and cordial intelligence: and I truſt they have improved me into a better friend, and a better lover, than I, otherwiſe, ſhould have been to the end of my days.

During

During our repaſt, Aſthmet glanced at his bride, and, turning to me, ſaid, You ſee, my friend, we have got but the one lady at table; but that is not the caſe with my brother potentates in theſe regions: they indulge their erring appetites in a number of women, whom they poſſeſs, it is true, but cannot be ſaid to enjoy. Their utmoſt gratification never paſſes the ſtinted and ſtarved limits of ſenſe; friendſhip flies their board; love is a ſtranger to their bed; and, in the midſt of their warmeſt careſſes, the heart is cold and inſenſible. Know you the reaſon of this, my Felix? It is becauſe not one among them is bleſſed with a Savinniè; is bleſſed, as I am, with a firſt, and a laſt, an only, and ever beloved, who, like a burning glaſs, gathers and centers in herſelf the radiance and graces of womankind.

She anſwered not, but bluſhed and bowed, and ſmiled ineffable ſweetneſs and gratitude upon him. She then turned to me, and aſked, Have you not alſo a wife, my brother? Yes madam, I anſwered, a very diſtant but a very dear one indeed; and I think ſhe will hereafter be dearer to me than ever, as ſhe has the honour, in a meaſure, to reſemble your royal highneſs. Will you do me the favour then, ſays ſhe, to preſent my ſiſter-likeneſs with this token of my love? So ſaying, ſhe took the diamond feather from her hair, and gave into my hand. I roſe, bowed upon it, and, wrapping my handkerchief about it, put it into my boſom.

I then recollected I had a gold repeater about me, which captain Jenniſon had intended for ſome great lady in India. The workmanſhip was highly

highly finiſhed, and it was curiouſly emboſſed with figures that repreſented the affecting ſtory of Abradatas and Panthea.

I took it forth with joy, and offered to ſhew the princeſs the ſeveral uſes and management of the internal machinery. She conſidered it with much delight, and acknowledged that her own watch, though accounted a fine one, was not comparable to it. She then enquired the meaning of the figures on the caſe; and, when I had told her the ſad tale, ſhe wept awhile, and ſuddenly cried, Ah, if we had not found ſuch a friend in ſuch a noble enemy, this muſt alſo have been the wretched fate of Savinniè!

And pray, ſir, added ſhe, at what price do you rate this precious little machine? Even at the price of your

acceptance, madam; I will take no other value, nothing leſs in exchange. I will accept it, ſays ſhe, ſince I find you are reſolved that we ſhall continue your debtors; but then I muſt not farther impoveriſh you, by any preſents on my part.

During the happy week in which I made my abode with my princely friends, I do not remember to have ſeen, between them, a ſingle inſtance of thoſe raptures that are ſuppoſed to be the proofs, as well as effects of a mutual paſſion; and yet I am perſuaded, that, ſince the firſt pair in paradiſe, no two were ever united by a dearer or fonder affection. But the tumults of their paſſion, without loſing of their fervour, had ſubſided into a ſolid and ſmiling ſerenity. You ſaw nothing, indeed, of their perſonal careſſes, or of that open dalliance to

which

which young people are accuſtomed, who would make a parade of their fondneſs for each other: but then they did, and looked, a perpetuity of kind and tender things; their very breath was the breath of love; and their ſouls, at every glance, ſeemed to ſay to each other, I cannot be happy, I cannot exiſt without you.

I remember I once aſked the princeſs, how ſhe could ſuffer her Aſthmet to go to the wars, when it was evidently impoſſible for her to ſurvive him? Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, I loved his glory more than I loved my own life.

At length, the time of ſeparation from thoſe my dear friends was at hand; and the reflection, that, in all likelihood, I ſhould never ſee them again, ſunk, as a weight of lead, to the bottom of my heart.

On the morning of my departure, while we ſat together at breakfaſt, we conſtrained ourſelves to aſſume an air of eaſy converſe and unconcern. But, when we roſe to bid the laſt adieu, affectation would no longer paſs, all utterance was inſtantly ſtopt, and, turning from each other, we broke into tears—till, finding there would be no end of weeping, I ſeized on the hand of the incomparable Savinnie, and preſſed it to my lips; I then ſtrained Aſthmet in a repeated but ſilent embrace, and, tearing myſelf away, I mounted my horſe, and moved on ſlow and heavily, in the rear of my company.

On the fall of the fourth night, as I ſat melancholy in my tent, an attendant brought me word, that three couriers had juſt arrived with a meſſage from prince Aſthmet. I inſtantly

ordered

ordered them to be conducted in, and the firſt entered, bowing, and preſented me with a letter. I kiſſed the ſignet of my friend, and, breaking it open, read:

" The ſoul of Aſthmet, to the be-
" loved ſoul of his Felix, ſends deareſt
" and kindeſt greetings. You con-
" quered me in the field; but you
" muſt not prevail in all things, you
" muſt not conquer me in generoſity:
"you hav e already too much piqued
" both my pride and my friendſhip
" on that head. I conjure you then to
" accept, from your Aſthmet and
" your Savinniè, the tokens that they
" ſend you of their ever during love.
" I ſwear, by the great prophet whom
" you worſhip and I revere, ſhould
" you return our offerings, I will caſt
" them, together, into the depths of
" the Jumna.—Alas, why are we ſun-

 " dered!

" dered! were not our hearts formed
" for eternal affinity? May not you,
" with your beloved, yet return to
" your Aſthmet and his beloved, and
" double our happineſs by dividing
" our poſſeſſions? Sweet proſpect!
" the bare poſſibility, how full of de-
" light! but, if ſuch a bleſſing is not
" in ſtore for Aſthmet Ally upon
" earth, O, may he live, in ſpite of
" death, to meet his Felix and his
" Savinniè in the paradiſe of one of
" our prophets! he will otherwiſe be
" deprived of his two capital enjoy-
" ments; the two bleſſings, without
" which heaven itſelf would be taſte-
" leſs, the bleſſing of friendſhip, and
" the bleſſing of love."

P. S. " The bearer is allied to me
" in honour, as in blood; he will de-
" deliver you the keys."

After

After I had moiſtened the paper awhile with my tears, I raiſed my eyes to the meſſenger, and beheld a youth of a noble preſence, in rich and gay attire, agreeable to his years. I ſtrait roſe, and eagerly caught him in my arms. Welcome, welcome, I cried, to the boſom of Felix! The kinſman of my Aſthmet is a portion of myſelf.

He received my careſſes with modeſty and reſpect; then, beckoning to two attendants, he took a ſmall caſket from one, and ordered the other to ſet down a little cheſt with which he ſeemed heavy laden. Here are the keys, my lord, ſaid he; will you be pleaſed to examine what theſe covers contain? No matter, for the preſent, ſaid I; they contain tokens of regard from Aſthmet and Savinniè, and that to me is abundant treaſure.

I then ordered a repaſt of ſuch matters as my little camp afforded; and, after ſupper, I preſented my young friend with a ſword of Engliſh fabric; the mounting was of poliſhed ſteel, curiouſly pierced, and inlaid with ſilver. His eyes ſparkled with pleaſure as he received it from me, and gracefully bowing, he ſaid, For the ſake of the giver, I promiſe that this ſhall never be drawn againſt one of his nation.

After ſome farther chat, and a flaſk of cape wine to the healths of the royal pair, I conducted my gueſt to his bed, and wiſhed him repoſe. I then returned and examined the contents of his embaſſy. I firſt opened the cheſt, and ſtood aſtoniſhed at the maſs of treaſure compriſed in ſo ſmall a compaſs; it was filled with ingots of pure gold, to about an hundred

pounds

pounds in weight: but on opening the caſket, whereon the name of Savinniè was engraved, I was again more aſtoniſhed at the ſize and luſtre of the diamonds and other gems of price; and I was actually affected at the loſs that my friends muſt have ſuſtained, by the exuberance of their bounty to me.

Overwhelmed, and melted down by the fervour of my gratitude and affection for them, I took pen and paper, and ſat down to write my acknowledgments. Accordingly I wrote and tore, and again wrote and tore away, as I could not find expreſſions any way adequate to my ſentiments. At length I reſolved that ſomething ſhould paſs, and ſo I concluded a letter of I know not what; for, as I could not pleaſe myſelf, I do not remember a ſyllable of the matter.

Thus

Thus was God pleaſed to pour upon me a weight of wealth, by means wholly unexpected, unſought, and unlooked for; and this merely, I ſuppoſe, becauſe I never aimed a ſtroke at the fallen, the wounded, or unreſiſting, in battle; neither aſſiſted in oppreſſion, nor gleaned any thing from deſolation; nor put my hand to the pillage of the peaceful, or the afflicted.

The next morning, after a ſtrait embrace, my gueſt and I ſet out on oppoſite roads. At length I arrived ſafe at the town of Madraſs; and, within a few following weeks, having diſpatched my affairs in India, I ſhipped myſelf and all my treaſures on board the Triton, for old England.

The moment I landed, I haſtened to the place of our former abode, my heart

heart palpitating and intermitting all the way; now exulting at the approach of a bleſſed meeting with my Letty and her little ones; and again depreſſed in the dread of what might have happened during the years of my abſence.

When I reached the well known houſe, I found it ſhut up; and, on enquiring among the neighbours, I could not hear a name, or ſet my longing eyes on any face that I knew. So ſwift are the movements in human life, and ſo quickly do we paſs away, either in, or out of this world!

A perfect ſilence, however, with reſpect to evil accidents, left ſome life for hope; and I turned my thoughts to every expedient that might ſerve to recover my loſt ewe and her lambs,

While

While this was in agitation, I ſet about diſcharging my truſts and commiſſions from India. I firſt went to Redriff, and, having enquired for one Fulmer, I was pointed to a houſe where a crowd ſtood before the door.

This occaſion brought, afterward, two obſervations to reflection: the firſt, that God ſeems to take delight in relieving his creatures, juſt at the criſis of their extremity, when all other means and reſources have failed them; the ſecond, that his graciouſneſs ſheds the dews of his beneficence, and the beams of his bleſſing, not only on the righteous, but on thoſe who, humanly ſpeaking, can make out but a very ſlender title to his bounty.

As I approached the houſe, I perceived ſeveral bailiffs buſy in bringing out beds and bedding, tables, chairs,

chairs, and other furniture, all which they tumbled on a heap into the ſtreet.

I then went haſtily up, and accoſted the one who ſeemed preſident, and who grinned a horrid delight, like a demon in authority over the inflictions of the damned. Pray, what are ye about, ſaid I? About our buſineſs, ſaid he; go you about yours; what has fine folk to do on this ſide the town?—I preſume you are the landlord, and have ſeized theſe matters for rent.—You have hit it for once.—And, what is your demand?—More than you are able to pay, I fancy; it is five and thirty pounds, with coſts of ſuit.—Here is your money, ſaid I, counting forty pieces into his hand. And now, be ſo obliging as to carry all theſe matters back again, and replace them where you found them.

There

There muſt be two words to that bargain maſter, cried one of the bailiffs: we have been paid for bringing them out, but who ſhall pay us for taking them in again? Beſide, we brought them out with a good will, it was in the way of our profeſſion; but, to carry them in again, is a matter of charity, that goes quite againſt the grain. If that is the caſe, ſaid I, you ſhall be paid twice as much for doing good with an ill will, as this gentleman paid you for doing evil with a good one.

The fellows, then, ſet very leiſurely and reluctantly about the taſk enjoined, proteſting that the goods felt twice as heavy as before.

In the mean time, I ſtepped into the houſe, and ſtood awhile, unnoticed, at the door of a waſte parlour.

In

In one corner, Fulmer, with a face of ghaſtly and ſtupified grief, ſtood ſilent and motionleſs; while his three eldeſt children, two boys and a girl, moved wailing about him, demanding, whether they were, hereafter, to lie on the bare floor, or in the ſtreet?

In another corner, the mother was ſeated on the ground, with her three youngeſt children about her weeping and clamouring for their breakfaſt; but ſhe had thruſt a finger into each of her ears, while the tears flowed in plenty down her wan cheeks.

I was ſo affected, that, for a time, I had not power to accoſt them. But, on the re-entry of the bailiffs with part of the furniture, the man ſtarted, as from ſleep, and aſked what they were about. Why, ſaid one of them, your brother, I ſuppoſe, is here, and has paid

paid all your rent, and forced us to bring your effects back again.

Hereupon, the woman, haſtily riſing, clapped her hands and cried, Then all is out! I dreamed, laſt night, that captain Jenniſon came, dropping wet, from the Indies, and poured a whole hat full of money into my lap. You are right, madam, ſaid I; it is, indeed, your dear brother, and my honoured friend, who ſends you this ſeaſonable relief. Here, I have brought a thouſand pounds in money and bills: if ye make a prudent uſe of it, it ſhall be followed by an equal ſum, perhaps by a third thouſand, if I find ye have merit. Your brother periſhed, with the whole crew, except myſelf. I had the fortune, however, to ſave ſome of his effects; and, on our laſt parting, he deſired me, if I ſurvived, to give you this money.

Never

Never was tranſport equal to theirs. They kneeled on either ſide, claſped and kiſſed my hands and my feet, and gave all external proofs of inexpreſſible gratitude.

Within three days, however, while I was making up the ſecond thouſand pounds, which I intended to take to them, I was ſerved, at their ſuit, with a citation from Doctors Commons.

I believe, madam, there is nothing ſo grating to a generous mind, as injurious returns for the offices of beneficence. But, I conſoled myſelf, the beſt I could, with the integrity of my own intentions; perhaps, alſo, with a ſhort ſuggeſtion of revenge, knowing how effectually it was in my power to defeat their attack.

Immediately,

Immediately, I engaged a proctor and advocate, to whom I produced the captain's will, acknowledged and endorſed by the council of Fort St. George. What, cried my advocate, as he ſtood weighing the words, have you already given theſe wretches a thouſand pounds? I have, ſaid I, and intend them a much larger ſum.—Why, that is the very utmoſt of the teſtator's bequeſt, and only to be given in ſuch portions as you ſhall think they merit. I proteſt I would not have given them a ſingle ſixpence. How could you, ſir, how could you be ſo much overſeen? Becauſe, ſaid I, I chuſe to ſtand on the ſurer ſide of juſtice; and, whatever the captain's partiality might be to his friend, I think thoſe of his blood better entitled to his ſubſtance. A ſtrange man, a ſtrange man! he exclaimed, and ſhrugged up his ſhoulders.

After

After a ſhort hearing, I caſt the appellants with coſts; and, on the following day, they came to my lodgings. They again fell on their knees, acknowledged their baſeneſs, and, with feigned tears and ſervile abaſements, prayed me to lay aſide my reſentment. Go, ſaid I, I know ye now; ye never ſhall finger a ſhilling more from me. But, your children have not offended. I will ſettle the two thouſand pounds, I mentioned, upon them; to be paid, in due dividends, with intereſt, to each of them, on the days of their coming to age reſpectively.

Thus, madam, you have heard the return that I met with from the family of the Fulmers. Neither was I more ſucceſsful in my other commiſſions.

I was at much trouble in enquiring out the neareſt relations of the ſeveral

officers of our ſhip's company, and thereupon ſurrendered to them the reſpective cheſts formerly mentioned. But, in the general, they queſtioned and eyed me, with looks of dark ſuſpicion, as though I had reſerved the larger portion to myſelf.

Particularly, the brother of our ſhip's carpenter, came one day to my lodgings, and bluffly deſired me to give him up the reſt of his brother's effects. Ungrateful wretch, ſaid I, I am ſorry that I put myſelf to the coſt and trouble of procuring what I have done for you. Villain, he cried, and grappled at me, do me juſtice this minute, or I will have your blood! But giving him a chuck and a trip, I caſt him on his back, and having caned him roundly I kicked him out of doors. He afterwards ſwore to ſeveral, that he believed me to be a

man

man of honour; and, whenever we met, he ſaluted me with his hat and a ſmile.

Here, my worthy friend Felix cloſed the hiſtory of his adventures. I proteſt, Mr. Turney, ſaid I, you have met with ingratitude, ſufficient to put a check and reſtraint on all your future benevolence. A ſure method, he cried, of adding poiſon to the weapons that others level at me! he, who deducts from my humanity, deſpoils me indeed.

And pray, my good friend, if I am not over curious, what may be the amount of your whole wealth, think you?—Upwards of thirty thouſand pounds, madam. A great ſum indeed! what do you propoſe to do with it?—That is a queſtion, madam, which, as yet, I am no way qualified to anſwer.

At preſent, I find it an encumbrance; I feel uneaſy and diſcontented under it; it is the heavieſt burden ſure that ever lay on my ſpirits! Could I find any prudent perſon who would take myſelf and my family and my money off my hands, I think I ſhould be the eaſieſt and happieſt man upon earth. For, firſt, as ſoon as it ſhall be known that I have this maſs of wealth, I ſhall be plagued and peſtered to death, with flatteries that I loath, and reſpects that I abominate. For, I am a man of a plain and loving nature; I like to conſort with my like; and my ſoul turns from the ſounds and ſhews of parade, as a hungry man would turn, from whipped ſyllabubs and creamed bubbles, to more ſubſtantial nouriſhment. If there is, indeed, that value in money which people are apt to think, I am, ſurely, the unfitteſt in the world to be entruſted with the treaſure.

Should

Should I attempt to diſpoſe of it to the worthieſt of all uſes, that of ſupplying the wants of the needy, I am ſenſible that I am too credulous and weak hearted to diſcern the proper objects; and I ſhould ever be obvious to the practices of impoſtors. Tell me then, my deareſt lady, what would you adviſe me to do in this my greateſt ſtrait?

Let me ſee, Mr. Turney. Thirty thouſand pounds, as I take it, will purchaſe for you about a thouſand pounds a year; not in whipped ſyllabubs, neither in uncertain ſeas; but in ſtable terra firma, that will admit of mears and bounds. There, like the bleſſed patriarchs, you may dwell in your Canaan, and drink of your own vintage, and eat of your own fruits, and feed the hungry and cloath the naked from your own herds and flocks. There,

like father Abraham, you may be favoured with the ſociety and converſe of angels; and have your God, himſelf, much nearer than at your ſide, even ſeated in your boſom, and in your heart. This is the ſtate, good Felix, after which the poets and philoſophers have ſo often languiſhed. Even avarice and ambition propoſe it to themſelves, as a reward for all their labours; the place of final repoſe! But, when any happened to arrive, they knew not the ſcenes of their former imaginations; they found themſelves ſtrangers and aliens therein. For innocence and virtue are the only maſters of ceremonies for introducing mortality into the ſeats of peace.

It is the voice of an angel, exclaimed Felix in a tranſport, of an angel, the ſent of God! I will obey it directly. Is your father living, Letty?—

He

He is, my love, but not in his former habitation. He is now ſettled in his new pariſh, the late gift of our lady here.—Then let us go, my Letty, and fix the place of our little Eden, near, or with your old parents. And I will go in ſearch of my old parents alſo; that all of us, under our God, may be gathered into one flock, one family, and one houſhold.

It now began to grow late, and I bid adieu to my friends, with juſt as much of day left as would ſerve to ſhew me home. The ſconces were lighted, before I got out of the chariot and into the arms of my parents.

What is the matter, ſir? what is the matter, my deareſt madam? you ſeem to look with ſurpriſe and a kind of ſtrangeneſs upon me. Where, in

the world, JULIET, cried my father, could you get money enough for making ſuch coſtly markets?—What money, ſir, what markets can you mean? Hey day, he exclaimed, at this rate you may get married too, without knowing any thing of the matter! but, ſtep to the glaſs, my love, and that will interpret.

I did, as deſired; and at the firſt glance of my own glittering image, Ah! I ſcreamed, it is certainly the diamond feather of the princeſs Savinniè. It is indeed, cried my father, fit for none, ſave a princeſs, or a JULIET, to wear.

O ſir, O madam, I have the ſtrangeſt things to tell ye! Sure, the father of our little Emily, Mr. Turney, is returned from the Eaſt Indies. He, alone, ſurvived the wreck. A worthy fellow

fellow he is, a ſweet fellow, on my word. He is returned vaſtly rich.—He was the very man, whom I took in my chariot to Highgate this morning.—He thought his wife and children dead, or loſt for ever.—I undeceived him on the way.—Such a ſcene, ſuch an interview!—I fear I never ſhall have patience to proceed leiſurely in the ſtory.—But, let me have my coffee, that I may prepare for your entertainment.—Our Emily too, with your good leave, muſt be preſent, that her gentle eye may melt over the adventures of her father.——O,—now I remember, that, a little before I took my leave, Mr. Turney beckoned his wife to the door for a moment: ſhe then took exceptions to the ſit of my cap; and, while ſhe pretended to adjuſt it, ſhe muſt certainly have ſtuck this feather in my hair.

I fancy, JULIET, ſaid the COUNTESS, that this renowned feather is the ſame that now caſts its bright water into my eye.—It is indeed, madam. I would not give the good people the mortification of returning it; but I will do quite as honeſtly, I will make up the value in full to their Emily.

I ſhould never be tired, my JULIET, of that extraordinary family, ſo marked and diſtinguiſhed, too, by ſuch uncommon providences. Methinks I accompany your Felix and his Letty to her parents, to his parents, and their reſpective connections. I hang over their happy meetings; I partake in their rural feſtivities. Have you heard any thing farther of them?——I have, madam.——But there is the ſtory, alſo, of your father's fair Magdalen, which you promiſed to tell me.—With your permiſſion, deareſt madam,

I will,

I will, for a while, ſuſpend both the one and the other. I have to talk of matters, of a nature more nearly intereſting and touching to myſelf. The morning, if you pleaſe, ſhall open on a new ſcene of things.

Lady CRANFIELD, all impatient to hear of matters more concerning to her favourite than any yet recited, haſtened breakfaſt, and ſipped her tea as hot as poſſible. When caſting around a mournful look, and heaving a doubled ſigh, miſs GRENVILLE began.

Some weeks after the departure of my Emily with her parents, I was ſitting with my mother in the ſtreet parlour, and placing the cups for breakfaſt, when a young ſtranger came to the houſe, and ſtood, baſhfully heſitating, before the door.

My father, in paſſing through the hall, was the firſt who noticed him; and I heard every word diſtinctly, as the door ſtood open.

Have you any commands with me, ſir?—I am, pleaſe your honour, a deſolate ſtranger who ſeek employment.—And, pray, what can you do?—Little or nothing, I confeſs, that the world will think of value. I can ſoften the ſoul by muſic, enlarge it by philoſophy, or elevate it by faith: but, who will pay me, for matters that are held in contempt?—Are you a foreigner?—My complexion, ſir, is foreign; the ſun of every climate has contributed to its dye.—You have travelled then, it ſeems.—All over Europe, ſir: I was compelled thereto by a very melancholy motive; I wanted to get away from myſelf.

That

That ſtroke, my dear madam, went to my heart, I confeſs! So did his ſubſequent ſentiments, the tone of his accents, and the cadence of his voice; though I could form no adequate idea of his perſon.

I am ſorry, ſaid my father, for the misfortunes of ſo very young a man. You are not yet turned of thirty, as I take it.—I am not.—Well ſir, you ſhall not want employment. I have taken a liking to you. You ſhall firſt be our companion; and thereafter, as you merit, the friend of the family. You ſhall tell us of foreign manners, foreign faſhions, and foreign laws. As alſo what you have noticed, during your travels, reſpecting the original leſſons which the great antients have left us, in architecture, ſculpture, painting, and ſo forth.—You much overrate my talents, worthy ſir. I ſhall

fall

fall vaſtly ſhort of your expectations on thoſe heads; they made no part of my ſtudy or enquiry. When I found it impoſſible to leave a very woful remembrance behind me, I made it the whole buſineſs and bent of my travels to diſcover and know myſelf, by inveſtigating the hearts of others.—Ah, cried my father, the moſt intereſting and divine of all human ſciences! But pray, what progreſs have you made in your intellectual tour?—Some proficiency, ſir; but I have not been able, as a ſecond Alexander, to over-run and ſubdue the whole world of man in ſo very ſhort a ſpace.——Well ſir, if you will permit us to review, with you, the ſcenes you have paſſed, we will do ſomething more than barely defray your expences by the way. What are your terms, my friend?—I am told you are a man of a generous diſpoſition; for that reaſon I ſhall not leave

any

any thing to yourſelf: ſo long as we agree, you muſt pay me at the rate of a hundred pounds a year.—I will double it with pleaſure.—There it is now; did I not tell you that you were not to be truſted with yourſelf? No, ſir, I will take no more than the value of my labours; your bounty, for once, ſhall know its bounds.

Here again, I was deeply ſtruck with the novelty of this manner of thinking and acting. I grew quite impatient to know who and what this phænomenon ſhould be; and I found myſelf, I knew not why, ſome way connected with him, and intereſted in him.

At length my father introduced him, ſaying, My wife, ſir!—and my daughter!—whereupon my mother and I aroſe to ſalute him: but he bowed,

low

low and diſtant, and baſhfully withdrew to a chair that ſtood aloof.

What is the matter, ſaid my tender father? I hope you are not taken ill; you ſeem to be under ſome agitation. —A ſmall touch of my old ague, ſir; it will ſoon be over.—A diſh of tea, ſir, ſaid my mother, with a few of my ſaffron drops, will relieve you; pray, come to table.

He obeyed, with a trepid motion, and downcaſt eyes, not once raiſing them to the ſide where my mother and I ſat. This gave me an opportunity of examining him at leiſure. His dreſs was not that of poverty; it was clean and coſtly, though very plain. His complexion was of the Jewiſh olive, and his brows large and dark. His ſtature was tall and graceful, his legs ſomething bowed, and the ſight was

grieved

grieved by a riſe between his ſhoulders. But, when he looked abroad, his eyes roſe in glory from under the clouds of his brows; and his gentle words, like flaky ſnow in the day of the ſun, melted as they fell and ſunk into the ſoul.

Very formidable, on my word, with all his defects, cried the COUNTESS! but, I ſuppoſe he came on purpoſe to attempt your heart, and to take it by ſap and ſecret mining. Alas, no madam, ſaid miſs GRENVILLE, as your ladyſhip ſhall hear. Whatever his impenetrable intentions might be, they could not poſſibly aim at my perſon or my heart; for, as ſoon as he found he had made a conqueſt of it, he ſuddenly forſook me. But, to my ſtory.

I am glad, ſir, ſaid my father, to ſee you look better and more compoſed

poſed. I thank you ſir, ſaid the ſtranger, caſting his eyes with a ſhort but expreſſive glance upon him.—Your name, as I think you told me, is Thomaſon.—The only name, ſir, by which I have gone throughout my pilgrimage; for I have long ſince diſavowed the name that I derived from unnatural parents.—I remember, continued my father, that you hinted at your ſkill in muſic; but I fear we have got no inſtrument in the houſe. My girl here might have been a great proficient by this; but ſhe uſed to weep over her inſtruments, and ſo I took them from her. The ſaving of her life is quite ſufficient to us; in our eye it is every grace and every accompliſhment. An over delicate frame, and a malady on her mind of many years perſeverance, ſcarce admitted a cure from air and exerciſe, and a continued

tinued attention to the offices of her own benevolent heart.

I have, ſir, ſaid Mr. Thomaſon, a little trifler in my pocket, that has been the prating companion of all my travels. He thereupon took out ſome ſmall pieces of ivory, and, having fitted them together, he put them to his lip.

In that very inſtant, all the ſongſters of the grove ſeemed collected under the beam of the breaking out ſun, pouring forth the ſenſations and joys of their little hearts, in a profuſion of wild and complicated harmony.

After a while, he ſuſpended the chearfulneſs of his notes, and came to the love-lorn ſong of the nightingale. But, O, ſuch riſings and fallings; warblings,

warblings, thrillings, and pauſes! ſuch ſwellings, and ſighings, and heart-breaking plaints! Here lay, evidently, his maſter-ſtrain; ſuch an expreſſion and pouring out of the ſtate of his own ſoul, as ſhewed him to be the man of ſorrow, the beloved of grief.

I could ſit no longer. I roſe haſtily and went to the window, to conceal my emotion. On my riſing, the muſic ceaſed; and compoſing myſelf, I ſoon after returned to the company.

My father, then, taking up the little orator that had diſcourſed ſuch ſweet matters, pauſed over it, and ſaid: Is it poſſible that ſuch a minim implement as this, like the apoſtles of old, ſhould ſpeak the language of all nations, and be apprehended by the underſtandings and hearts of all mankind? I have been myſelf a practitioner,

but

but never, till now, never did I diſcover what true muſic was. It is not accord nor concord, neither ſymphony nor harmony; though theſe are, aptly, the handmaids and miniſters thereof. It is the tuning and modulation of the ſounds and expreſſions of nature, exciting anſwerable ſenſations and ſentiments within us.

For inſtance; the ſounds of rolling thunder, and the roaring of beaſts in the foreſt, are naturally threatful and alarming to all hearers. The bleating of the lamb is the voice of helpleſs innocence, the cooing of the turtle is the ſoothing voice of love. The chuckling of the infant, and the laughter of the adult, are univerſally underſtood to be expreſſions of merriment and delight in the utterers. And the ſighs of the afflicted, and the groans of the dying,

dying, need no words to tell us the ſtate of their diſtreſs.

Our countryman Dryden, in his capital compoſition on St. Cecilia's day, makes Timotheus apply, not to the fancy or judgment, but merely to the paſſions of the great Alexander. By quick tranſitions of ſtill varying and new modulated meaſures, he informs, changes, and governs the ſpirit of his maſter, Now exalting, now depreſſing; now chearing, now ſaddening; now martially rouſing, now touchingly melting; now ſoothing to love, now kindling to vengeance; he controuls and rules, at his pleaſure, the man who ruled the world.

A muſician, ſir, ſaid Mr. Thomaſon, ought to be as an orator: if he would affect, he ſhould alſo be affected; his ſpirit muſt be in his ſubject,

or

or he will never transfuſe his ſubject into the ſpirit of others.

I have been often aſtoniſhed, ſaid my mother, at the vaſt variety of compoſition, of which ſeven ſimple notes are ſuſceptible. Is there a neceſſity, ſir, for juſt ſo many and no more? Might not God, as well, have inſtituted ſeventeen, or ſeven thouſand notes, for the greater capacity of variation?

No madam, ſaid Mr. Thomaſon. As God, of neceſſity, is free, his infinite wiſdom always chuſes to ſhew forth his infinite power by the ſimpleſt and feweſt means: to what end, then, ſhould he add to the number, if the ſeven, already inſtituted, are capable of as perfect harmony, and as endleſs a variety, as ſeventeen millions could poſſibly have been? But, I will endea-

vour

your to give you a ſhort glimpſe of the power and myſtery of this matter.

From the fundamental Unit of God, ariſes his myſtical number Three; and from his myſtical Three, ariſes his conſummating number Seven; and, by ſeven times his number Seven, and ſo on, he rules and conducts all the ſeaſons, and ages, revolutions, and events, that ever ſhall come to paſs, till time ſhall be no more, and all numbers ſhall be again reſolved into their original Unit.

Here, madam, it is particularly deſerving of remark, that the ſeven conſtituent notes, in muſic, are correſpondent and anſwerable to the ſeven days of the week, the ſeven planets in the heavens, and the ſeven ſpirits of God mentioned in the Apocalypſe. A ſpirit of God lives in each conſtituent

note; and hence it comes to paſs, that, when an artiſt is ſo happy as to hit upon a meaſure nearly conſonant to the ſound or ſentiment divinely latent therein, the ſenſation it excites in the hearers ariſes to a rapture that is almoſt inſufferable!

I remember, ſir, ſaid my mother, when Mr. GRENVILLE queſtioned you, ſomething abruptly, reſpecting your abilities, you mentioned philoſophy. Pray, what is philoſophy? I am told, that the term ſignifies "the love of "wiſdom"; but I have not rightly learned what the thing, itſelf, is.

Philoſophy, madam, is no other than COMMON SENSE, improved by experience and obſervation; and reduced into maxims, by reflection and inference, for our better conduct in life.

Will you be pleaſed, ſir, to give us an inſtance? — All people, madam, are in the nature of merchants, going about, ſeeking and ſearching, bartering and trafficking, for "the pearl "of mighty price", denominated HAPPINESS. Now, he, who beſt underſtands the value of what he gives and what he gains, and, who conſequently makes the beſt bargain, is queſtionleſs the greateſt philoſopher.

The general misfortune, however, is, that people think themſelves ſufficient to this moſt important of all profeſſions, without ſerving an apprenticeſhip, or deriving any advantage from the experience or example, the folly or prudence, the ſucceſs or damage of others.

Hence it comes to paſs, that by falſe eſtimates of things, by number-

leſs

leſs impoſitions, by miſtaking glitter for gold and ſhew for ſignification, moſt people are bankrupt and beggared before they are aware; and, Ixion like, find a cloud within their careſſes, in the place of the divinity they propoſed to embrace.

Such perſons, you muſt allow, could not have been philoſophers. The ſole province of philoſophy is, to teach us the right and relative eſtimate of things; to teach us, not to barter commodities that are durable for ſuch as are corruptible, neither a permanent futurity for preſent gratification; to teach us, not to barter commodities that are internal, and make a part of ourſelves, for any thing external to us or independent of us.

Now, madam, life and health, though tranſitory and precarious,

ought not to be bartered for all the treaſures and pleaſures that this world can confer; becauſe life and health conſtitute a part of ourſelves, and the world's whole wealth cannot recall the one or purchaſe the other. And yet, we ſee millions of ſacrificers to intemperance and ſenſuality, who daily fall the miſerable victims of a falſe purſuit after happineſs.

Again, madam, the philoſophers of antiquity affirm, with great appearance of truth and ſtrength of argument, that we have a principle of exiſtence within us, infinitely more intimate, more valuable and durable, than this expanſe of heaven and earth, this encloſure of fleſh and blood, or any ſpecies of life and health that can be ſubject to mortality: that this principle of exiſtence is of divine original, incorruptible, unperiſhable; a fount

that

that muſt flow for ever, a flame that cannot be extinguiſhed: that the virtues are its treaſures, its enjoyment, its beauty, and illumination: that theſe conſtitute the man; all that can properly or inherently be denominated himſelf, and all that deſerves his cultivation, his regard, or attention: and, that the man of virtue is allied and equal to the Godhead, and ſhould ſtand ſecure and naſſailable amidſt the wreck of the univerſe.

Thus far ſtretches the doctrine of pagan philoſophy; and, conformably thereto, its votaries rejected the world, with all its enjoyments, and even boaſted a ſuperiority over poverty, calamity, pain, ſickneſs, and death.

But if, to this, we ſhould add ſomething of that REDEEMING WORD, which brought life and immortality to the

fulneſs of their light, and the weight of their glory; all, that is temporal or tranſitory, fades and vaniſhes away, in the compariſon and barter with any article that is eternal: the goods of this world are no longer to be reliſhed; the evils of this world are no longer to be feared: the preſent is ſunk and loſt in the greatneſs of the future; and poſſeſſion is caſt behind us, in reaching after the immenſity of that for which we hope. Nothing becomes conſiderable, nothing of eſtimation, ſave ſo far as it conduces to the purchaſe or acquiſition of ſome article or degree of goodneſs; ſome of thoſe benevolences, thoſe charities, thoſe affections, thoſe elegancies of elevated humanity, which the great Apoſtle to the Gentiles prefers even to the Graces of Faith and of Hope; and which, he ſays, "cannot fail," but muſt endure for ever, when Faith is

ſwallowed

ſwallowed up of Viſion, and Hope of Enjoyment.

Whoſoever, therefore, through any worldly, lucrative, or ſelfiſh conſideration, ſhall commit or omit any thing, ſo as to cool the fervour, or check the expanſion of any of the charities, thoſe movements of divinity within his own boſom; he ſhall be found an unhappy merchant, who bartered millions for a mite, and, to his own infinite loſs, abridged the value and dimmed the poliſh of thoſe living pearls, that were to have conſtituted his crown throughout eternity.

Wonderful youth, exclaimed my father! how have you contrived to double the years of Neſtor, within the ſpan of your minority?—But I ſee that I offend; I will do ſo no more; I will,

hereafter, ſuppreſs the expreſſions of my eſteem.

My mother, now, propoſed a walk in the gardens; and, the more this aſtoniſhing ſtranger became acquainted with his new friends, the more he grew upon us in every grace and accompliſhment that could charm or attach us to him.

Our cuſtomary excurſions were now wholly ſuſpended; we ſhut ourſelves in from all viſits of ceremony; we grudged even the neceſſary avocations of buſineſs. He ſtole us, inſenſibly, far into the night; and yet we welcomed the early morn, in expectation of his ſociety.

Within a few weeks, my father recommended it to Mr. Thomaſon to inſtruct me in ſuch parts of ancient hiſtory,

hiſtory, as he ſhould judge to be matter of improvement or ornament to one of my ſex and condition.

Alas, ſir, ſaid the young ſage, what ſcenes of hiſtory can I open to miſs GRENVILLE, that will not contain in them ſomething ſhocking to her humanity, or diſguſtful to her virtue?

Had this world been unpropertied; had it been alike communicable to all; could men have ſubſiſted on the elements of light, and air, and ſtreams flowing obvious to every lip; I think evil could not have prevailed ſo univerſally as it has done. But, as the goods of this world are ſubject to appropriation; as they are capable of diviſion, diſtinction, aſſumption, and encloſure; they are become the baneful and deadly roots of every ſpecies of evil, that hath ariſen, ſpread, and

propagated throughout the earth. Hence, avarice, envy, hatred, rancour, rapine, murder, and all the direful train of atrocious malignities that have turned the world, from the beginning, into a wide "Aceldama," a field of blood and carnage.

In truth, the hiſtory of the world is little other than the hiſtory of the firſt Cain, multiplied, and daily renewing and repeating the butchery of his brethren. It is the hiſtory of theſe, ravening and rending, from thoſe, the little they poſſeſs, that much might have more, and that each might have all: while brother grudges to brother the tranſient pittance of a miſerable mortality; and half the ſpecies is employed in driving and diſpatching the other half from exiſtence, that their ſelves might be left alone upon the earth, the ſolitary poſſeſſors of properties

perties that muſt quickly elude their own hold, properties that no gripe could ever retain.

Think, ſir, that you behold the gloomy powers of malevolence mixing in all this buſtle, hovering over the heads of the wretched race of man, ſcoffing at the folly of their avarice, fomenting and enflaming the madneſs of their ambition; liſtening with horrid delight to the ſhrieks and groans of ſacked cities, and ſnuffing up the ſtench of the ſcattered limbs and reeking entrails of millions of human carcaſſes that beſtrow the fields of battle.

Yet, theſe very deeds, ſo deteſtable to God, ſo everſive of humanity, and grateful to devils alone, theſe are the deeds, I ſay, deemed worthy of being engraved in braſs and marble,

worthy of being recorded and treaſured up in archives, of being celebrated by orators, recited by hiſtorians, and ſung by bards.

I proteſt, Mr. Thomaſon, ſaid my father, I never ſaw this matter in the ſame light before; and yet I am convinced, that it is the very light in which it ought to be beheld. But I was carried down the ſtream of univerſal prejudice; and, like others, aſcribed unmerited honours and renown to perſons and actions alone deſerving of infamy. In truth, I am apt to think, that man has a natural propenſity to pay deference to power, however abuſed; and to applaud ſtrength and courage however miſapplied, provided they are not exerciſed to his own immediate damage. But tell me, my young friend, does hiſtory afford no exceptions to your gene-

ral deſcription? Do you remember of no nation, no people who were peaceable, who were equitable and humane?

Not any indeed, ſir, ſave ſuch as are mentioned in the fabulous accounts of "golden ages, Utopias, "happy iſlands," and ſo forth. Even thoſe refined and learned ſtates, who accounted the reſt of the world for barbarians, who boaſted themſelves the poliſhers of manners, the promoters of arts, and the patrons of liberty, yet never allowed that liberty to any whom their power could bring under ſubjection. When they ceaſed to be employed in foreign warfare, they were rent by inteſtine diſſention and tumult; and, in the want of other objects, turned their arms againſt each other. They were manſlayers by profeſſion, by education, by birth. And, though

though they were celebrated as adepts in ſcience and philoſophy, the talkers over of ſentiment and human refinements; yet, in the day of blood and general deſolation, we rarely find any difference between them and the illiberal barbarians. Grey hairs, and infancy, and even the helpleſs ſex, whom all, deſerving the title of manhood, are appointed to protect, fell beneath the unſparing ſword of their ſavage-hearted ſoldiery.

You muſt allow, however, my good Mr. Thomaſon, that ſeveral of thoſe free ſtates had their national virtues, particularly that of patriotiſm, ſuperior to any republics now known upon earth.

I do allow it, honoured ſir. The circle of modern patriotiſm rarely reaches beyond our family, or at farthest

theſt beyond our party: whereas the circle of ancient patriotiſm encompaſſed all the families, denominated COUNTRY, as though they had been one family, one houſhold, one ſelf.

But, how much more nobly, more divinely, would they have acted, had any of thoſe ſtates ſtretched their circle of patriotiſm, as far as humanity ought to have intereſted and affianced them to the intereſts of mankind! Had they gone forth in bleſſings on all the nations around them; had they ſupported the oppreſſed, aſſiſted the feeble, pulled down the proud, lifted up the fallen, and lent their warfare to the peaceable; they would have intereſted the circling powers in their own power and intereſt, and they would have become the moſt proſperous and durable ſtate that ever did or ſhall ſubſiſt within the circuit of the moon.

I ſhall

I ſhall not however, ſir, refuſe to your favourite ſtates any part of their real merits, which I acknowledge, in ſome inſtances, to have been great, tranſcendent, aſtoniſhing! Over and above the national virtue of patriotiſm, which you mentioned, the Spartans, for five hundred years, embraced a voluntary poverty; and, during the period of that poverty, accumulated thoſe riches of inexhauſtible renown, which has exalted their memory, through all ages, above all nations.

The Romans, in like manner, for nearly the ſame term, embraced and adhered to the kindred and national virtue of temperance, as their women did to the national virtue of chaſtity; and that period, alſo, compriſed their illuſtrious Galaxy of heroes and reſpectable dames, that ſhall ſhine unrivalled,

rivalled, in the firmament of hiſtory, to endleſs ages.

If it comes to be enquired how this came to paſs, I profeſs I cannot account, if it was not, that, in the commencement and minority of thoſe ſingular ſtates, ſome eminent ſpirits, ſuch as Lycurgus and Numa, were deſtined to ariſe, who, by precept, and ſtill more by their reſpected examples, brought the ſaid admirable virtues into vogue and general practice; and, when any ſpecies of virtue happens to be the faſhion, who will dare to ſtep forth in favour of the oppoſite vice? Death itſelf is not more ungrateful to the human feelings, than to be rejected and deſpiſed, and fingered at by the ſociety among whom we dwell. Alcibiades, though the moſt ſenſual and diſſolute debauchee of the age, yet, at Sparta, appeared to reliſh their black

black broth above all dainties. And I am perſuaded, that our ladies of rank, could they confine themſelves to the bed of their nuptial engagements, would lead the mode in that as well as in other matters; and would ſet ſuch a precedent of national virtue, as would ſhortly bring female continence into faſhion throughout Great Britain.

Well, ſir, ſaid my mother, ſince you admit that ſome parts of national hiſtory are deſerving of memorial, you would oblige us by inſtructing our child in ſuch paſſages as you yourſelf approve.—I will, madam, with pleaſure; we will paſs through the world, as bees paſs through a garden overrun with rank weeds, where we will endeavour to ſelect and treaſure up the ſweets, and leave the baneful and noxious to the waſps and the hornets.

Shortly

Shortly after, he entered upon his new province. In the preſence of my parents, he led me from nation to nation, and age to age; ſlightly and briefly treating ſuch portions of hiſtory as were inanimate or unintereſting, but dwelling and commenting and expatiating on others; refining and extracting hidden beauties from the barren letter; affecting and improving the heart of every hearer; awaking the drowſy narrative into ſentiment and life; and, like Midas, turning all he touched into gold.

On a day, as we ſat together, having juſt cloſed the ancient hiſtory of Perſia, he turned to me and ſaid: The firſt time, madam, that I had the honour of an interview with this family, a circumſtance dropped from the lips of your father, that has not yet, nor, perhaps, ever will drop from my memory.

We

We were on the ſubject of muſic, when Mr. GRENVILLE pathetically ſaid that you uſed to weep over your inſtruments; and added, that a malady, of many years continuance, lay on your mind. Ah madam, that malady, that malady! I am a man of affliction, a member of the afflicted; and that ſame malady of yours has, ever ſince, lain heavy upon my mind alſo.

I will not, however,—it would be too preſumptuous, too daring;—and yet my mere conjectures diſtreſs me more, than, poſſibly, the certainty itſelf might do.

I underſtand you, ſir, ſaid I; your friendſhip claims my confidence, and your delicacy deſerves it without diſguiſe.

I then

I then, without farther preface, began the little hiſtory of my infant years, already ſo circumſtantially recited to your ladyſhip. As I proceeded, he became more and more affected; and his emotions ſerved to awaken mine alſo, and thereby to make my ſtory the more intereſting and pathetic. But, when I came to that part, where, no longer able to bear up under the abſence of your ſon, I lay languiſhing and expiring upon the bed of ſickneſs; his paſſion broke from him with unreſtrained violence. He turned from me, he wrung his hands, he ſobbed and wept without meaſure. I ſtopped, ſurpriſed and agitated; but he impatiently cried, Go on, thou conſummate excellence! Go on, for heaven's ſake! This is the very death, I ſo earneſtly wiſhed to die!

When

When I had finiſhed my narration, as far as it more immediately concerned myſelf, he mournfully exclaimed, Ah madam! what a woful ſimilitude there is, between the unhappy fate of your noble lover and myſelf! I alſo, in my early years, conceived a paſſion for a young creature, who, at that time, appeared to my fancy, and to my heart, altogether as amiable and irreſiſtible as yourſelf. You ſaw the agonies I was under, during your deſcription of the ſufferings of a diſappointed lover. You looked at me, as though you thought my ſenſations diſintereſted, generous, and truly noble. Ah madam you never was more miſtaken; I doubt they were altogether ſelfiſh and confined. I found myſelf in the place of your beloved lord Tommy, while yourſelf reminded me of all the graces and attractions of that dear one, whoſe loſs I have ſo long ſo inconſolably lamented;

and

and my ſoul lay extended on the rack of its former rendings.

How I pity your lover, madam! while I contemplate the object that excited his paſſion, I preſume it muſt nearly have equalled my own. Mine, indeed, was ſo exceſſive, that it is wonderful how I ſurvived, for a day, for an hour, the heart-piercing tidings of the death of my beloved. I muſt certainly have ſunk under the weight of ſorrows, had not heaven reſerved me on purpoſe to ſhew, to what an extremity human nature might ſuffer; and to put to trial my ſubmiſſion under his bittereſt diſpenſations.

My young miſtreſs and I, alſo, were bred together; and her regency was ſo predominant and abſolute over my ſpirit, that, in order to pleaſe and render myſelf worthy of her, I was indefatigable

defatigable in my application for all kinds of accompliſhments; and, before I arrived to the age of fifteen years, I was maſter of the languages, a great proficient in muſic and natural philoſophy, and converſant in the hiſtory of all nations, except my own. Vain accompliſhments, vain purpoſes, how ſeverely defeated!

My father, like the parents of your unhappy admirer, was a perſon of pride and affluence, and, on an intimation of the violence of my propenſity to the fair ſtar of my attraction, he had me ſuddenly ſeized and conconveyed out of the kingdom, with orders that I ſhould not be ſuffered to correſpond with any perſon, or even be allowed the uſe of pen and paper.

An idea of the pangs endured, on the tearing away of a limb from its con-

congenial body, may give ſome notion of what I ſuffered in the ſeparation.

I conceived an irreconcileable averſion to the author of my birth: I even dared to call to queſtion the great author of exiſtence. As I perceived that I was a priſoner in the midſt of thoſe who accompanied me, I regarded them with a gloomy and ſpeechleſs deteſtation, nor deigned to intimate my wants by word or ſign to my attendants.

They ſtill perſiſted, however, to hurry me from ſtage to ſtage. Ah, I would ſay to myſelf, whither away do theſe people bear me ſo faſt? My heart is ſunk, my head is dizzy; all is ſickneſs and confuſion within me and about me! Why in ſuch haſte, my father, to drive your ſon from exiſtence? Time, ſpace, motion, what are ye? Wherein have my fair one and I ſo grievouſly

offended ye? wherefore do ye aſſiſt the ſavage purpoſes of him who begot me? And Thou who art over all, art Thou alſo become the enemy of innocence and love?

I was ſo totally abſorbed in my ſorrows, that I gave no kind of attention to any perſons or places through which we paſſed. But, in ſome nights after our landing in France, or Flanders, I know not which, a meſſenger arrived, diſpatch, with tidings that I was at liberty to return; for that the object of my affections, and of my father's diſpleaſure, was now no more.

Inſtantly, as I deemed, the world ſunk from under me, and all nature ſeemed to darken and vaniſh from about me.

I know

I know not for how many weeks, or months, I lay in a ſtate of inſenſibility or ſtupefied delirium; neither can I conjecture by what means my life was ſuſtained, as no trace remains on my memory of any thing that happened during that oblivious ſeaſon.

At length I awoke to a ſtate of horrible preception, and a flood of poignant recollections poured in upon me from all ſides.

It was night, darkneſs covered me; and, within me, hope was dead, and ſhut up from the proſpect of any future dawning. The world was loſt, was totally annihilated to me; and I wiſhed to be loſt and annihilated to the world.

I aroſe, dreſſed, and got out I know not how, and walked feebly on, I

knew not whither. As the day opened, I perceived a little village before me; and labouring ſlowly towards it, I called at the firſt cottage, and, entering, begged them, in charity, to ſhew me to a bed. They obſerved that I was pale and faint, and a kindly looking woman took me under the arm.

As ſhe led me along, my eye turned to her countenance, and I perceived that ſhe was in tears. Don't weep for me, my good miſtreſs, ſaid I; I am too inſignificant to deſerve the regard of any one breathing. Alas, maſter, ſhe cried, it is not for you alone; it is for myſelf, and my little ones, that my tears are taught to flow. You only ſerve to remind me, that our caſe is a common caſe; and that all who are born of woman, are born to woe.

She

She then laid me down and covered me up, and I ſlept, as they told me, above twenty hours, and did not awaken till the following day. Bleſſed ſleep, ſaid I, thou only balm of wounded minds, thou only friend of the afflicted! O, that thou mighteſt continue for ever! Cut off, as I am, from the poſſibility of enjoyment, thou yet canſt ſink me down in a peaceful forgetfulneſs; and ſuſpend, for a ſeaſon, the bitterneſs of recollection!

However diſguſted the mind may be with the world, and averſe to every craving and call of the fleſh; nature will yet aſſert her reign over the groſſer part of our compoſition; and, in the midſt of a miſery that wiſhed to be diſſolved, I felt an intenſe hunger that wiſhed to be gratified.

I then prayed my good hoſteſs to let me have ſomething to eat; and ſhe haſted and brought me a large cut of bread and a veſſel of new milk. While I eat, ſhe looked eagerly and mournfully upon me; and, as ſoon as I was ſatisfied, My dear child, ſaid ſhe, I was loth to diſturb your meal by telling you, that this was the laſt ſup of milk that I and my children are ever likely to have. Why, what is the matter, my good mother? Alas, ſhe cried, my two cows, the whole of my worldly ſubſtance, are this miſerable day to be ſold for the rent. And pray, what may be the amount of what you owe? About a hundred livers, ſaid ſhe.

I, thereupon, took out ſomething more than the money, and put it into her hand. And, what is this for, my child? To ranſom your two cows, my kind

kind mother, ſaid I. Ah, ſhe cried, I cannot take it; I muſt honeſtly confeſs that I have no means of repaying you, but by thoſe very cows which you offer to redeem. I aſk no payment, ſaid I, I am already overpaid. You gave, a while ago, to my neceſſities, the whole of the milk that you ever looked to have for yourſelf and your children; and I have not given to you the half of my ſtore.

Here, ſhe ſuddenly dropt on her knees, and, turning from me, exclaimed, Bleſſed be thou, O God, who has not left deſtitute the fatherleſs and the widow, but haſt ſent this thy angel to them in the hour of their extremity! Bleſſed be thy name! and, O, bleſs, a thouſand fold, this the gracious inſtrument of thy wonderful bounty!

She then ſtarted up, and running out wildly, returned, a while after, with her three orphans about her, two boys and a girl. Come, my children, ſhe cried, and kneel, with me, in thankſgiving to our dear deliverer here, the young father of us all, the image and counterpart of the father of all mercies!

I was ſo abaſhed and oppreſſed by this ſudden expreſſion of idolizing gratitude, that I could anſwer no otherwiſe than by a guſh of tears, which ſerved to ſooth, for the time, the inward anguiſh of my own ſpirit; and I ſecretly rejoiced and bleſſed my God, that, in rendering me the moſt miſerable of all the children of men, he had not yet ſteeled my heart to the ſenſe of compaſſion for others.

Perceiving

Perceiving that I was not hotly purſued by my guard, I ventured out, on the fall of evening, into a field behind the houſe. All the elements were calm and ſtill as the grave. I looked about, but could perceive no living object, no perſon whoſe attention might be attracted or diſturbed by my wailings. I then moved farther aloof from the ears of the village, and gave a free ſcope and vent to the burſt of my afflictions.

I ſtruck my breaſt, and wrung my hands, and clapped them together. You are gone then, I cried, you are gone, my beloved! gone, but not to come again! gone, but never to return! gone, gone for ever! Why didſt thou come from thy chamber, as from the eaſt, in a morning, riſing upon my ſight in the light of thy beauty? The day comes, and the night comes,

and they bring gladneſs or repoſe to whom they may concern; but my day, my day is done, and my night ſhall have no ending.

O, thou bower of my bleſſedneſs, the grave-diggers have come upon thee, and enſconſed thee in on every ſide, and they have piled the marbles about thee; and I call, but thou wilt not anſwer, and my hands are wearied and rent in ſtriving to reach at thee, but no part, no relict of thee is to be attained for conſolation.

Why, O world! waſt thou once ſo pleaſant? when mine eye beheld with delight the glories of thy firmament, the bloom of thy flowers, and the verdure of thy fields; when mine ear turned with joy to the warble of the wood land ſongſters, and to the voices of men; it was the preſence of my love that

that cauſed thee to ſmile: but now, O world, ſhe has left thee empty, and thou art become a deſolation!

All, yet, is not loſt; the idea of her lovelineſs is ſtill left, and ſtands ever before me: but then ſhe ſtands not as when ſhe was the chearer of hearts! The lily of the vale, and not the roſe of Sharon, is on her cold cheek; and ſhe looks with a tearful eye of pity upon me.

Haſten thy courſe, O ſun! away with thine odious gawds, and let the night deſcend in welcome gloom upon my ſpirit; that no objects may obtrude themſelves upon my loathing ſenſes, but leave my ſoul to be wholly occupied by its only concern. Then, deſcend, thou fair ſhade, into the dreams of thy beloved! for thy ſhade is the only ſubſtance that he deſires through-

out exiſtence. O, deceive me, deceive me into a viſionary bleſſedneſs! let rapturous imagination once more behold thee, hear thee, touch thee, fold thee in for ever! ſo ſhall the illuſions of night compenſate for grievous realities, when the day ſhall awaken me to recollection and wretchedneſs.

Thus, day after day, and night after night, and year after year, I dwelt on the image and contemplation of my beloved; and my ſoul turned away from every other impreſſion. My grief became my inſeparable, my only companion; I ſupplied it with conſtant food, and fed conſtantly upon it. I held up to my fancy the images and remembrances of all former delights, all the little endearing circumſtances, every minuteneſs that regarded the object of my paſſion; how ſhe looked,

looked, or moved, or ſmiled, or toyed ineffably joyous: nay, the recollection became more affecting to my imagination, than even the reality had formerly been; my grief became the more delightful, the more it deepened my diſtreſs; I grew enamoured of it, and would not have exchanged it for the happieſt lot that ever mortal enjoyed.

But, madam, your looks are languid. Indeed, we have, both, been too much agitated. I ſhall, with your leave, defer the remainder of my narrative till ſome other ſeaſon.

I roſe and retired, ſilent, dejected, and ſoftened beyond expreſſion. There was ſomething ſo affecting in the deſcription of this young man's feelings, ſo ſympathetic and congenial to my own ſoul, as attached me to him with a kind

a kind of involuntary relation that I did not find I bore to any other perſon.

On the following day after dinner, Mr. Thomaſon, ſaid my father, I happened yeſterday into the company of a ſpecies of people who are called philoſophers by ſome, and by ſome ſtiled virtuoſi. As ſoon as I was appriſed of the quality of my companions, I took joy to myſelf in expectation of hearing much toward the enlightening of man's underſtanding, and the refinement of his manners; but never was hungry wight ſent emptier away.

After ſome wanton play, like ducks in a lake, on the ſurface and externity of terms and ideas, they chopped upon the ſubject of VIRTUE; and then I truſted to ſee them dive, and bring up

up ſome pearls of price from the bottom. But, alas for poor virtue! they ſo ſubtiliſed and divided it between nature and education, action and motive, habit and opinion; making it one thing among men, and another thing among women; this thing with the vulgar, and the other thing with the great; that it finally vaniſhed from among us in the laſt words of Brutus, "Virtue and Truth, what are ye but "a name?"

Now, Mr. Thomaſon, though I truſt that my heart has received little damage, yet I own that my underſtanding has been greatly bewildered, and that, in a matter of the moſt infinite importance to mankind. Ah, how ſingularly would you oblige me, could you lend me a clue to guide me through this labyrinth! It is not in me, ſir, modeſtly anſwered Mr. Thomaſon:

maſon; you remember what Joſeph ſaid to Pharoah, God ſhall give Mr. GRENVILLE an anſwer of peace.

Tell me then, my dear young friend, is virtue variable, is it precarious? does it depend on education or habit, cuſtom, climate, or conſtitution? is it a different thing in different perſons, and different ſexes?—No, ſir; at all times, in all places, and in all perſons, virtue is ever the ſame, unalterable, invariable.

Say then, I pray you, if it be true, that ſelf-intereſt, as is allowed and affirmed on all hands, is the motive in all perſons to all kind of actions; at what preciſe period of time or of circumſtance, does it happen to become a matter of reproach to one perſon, and of approbation to another? Or, if the virtue lies in the action, and not

not in the motive, when and wherein does this effect begin to differ from its cauſe; and where will you fix the nice and almoſt imperceptible boundaries between vice and virtue, between that which is amiable and that which is deteſtable?

Self-intereſt, my honoured ſir, may indifferently happen to be a motive to an action, that, in itſelf, is either good or evil, either hurtful or beneficent. But, as far as ſelf-intereſt, merely, is a motive to any action, it never had nor can have any relation to virtue. We muſt ſearch ſomewhat deeper for the root of that tree, which is productive of this divine and paradiſiacal fruit.

I will tell you a ſtory, ſir; I learned it in my travels through part of Sweden.

Guſtavus

Guſtavus Adolphus came young to the throne. One night, while he danced diſguiſed at a ball that was given by his chief miniſter, the maſque of the faireſt of his ſubjects fell off, and ſhe broke with a ſudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the aſſembly; for, though Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had ſecreted her far from court, and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unſeen and unſullied.

The king felt himſelf inſtantly ſtruck with a reſpectful and humbling ſenſe of inferiority before her: for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty, and the bold, and the haughty, and even the ſavage, grow tame and depreſſed, as in the preſence of the immediate repreſentative of Divinity.

Adelaide,

Adelaide, in a hurry, caught up her maſque, and haſted to cover the perils of her countenance; but the deed was already done; and her image was impreſſed on the heart of the monarch as indelibly, as though it had been fixed by the machinery of ſome engine.

He inſtantly drew his favourite, Valvaiſe, aſide, and whiſperingly gave a precipitate order, that he ſhould diſcover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaiſe zealouſly obeyed the injunction of his royal patron: he brought him word, that ſhe was a maid of illuſtrious birth, but little known; and, where known, admired as a phænomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaiſe had been preferred to favour by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus, in the chaſe of a ſtag, had out ridden his attendants. Being thirſty and fatigued, he turned toward a neat hamlet, that was pleaſently ſituated at the entrance of a foreſt. He tied his ſteed to a tree; and, drawing near, beheld a young ſwain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth roſe at his approach; and, having gracefully ſaluted him, led him into the houſe, where he hoſpitably regaled him with the homebrewed juice of the berry.

Pray, what were you reading? demanded the prince.—A late treatiſe, ſir, on friendſhip, anſwered the ſtudent.—And what think you of it?—As cold, as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla.—I preſume, then,

then, that your own ſentiments on the ſubject are warmer.——As the difference, replied the youth, between the torrid and the frigid zones.——You love your friends well, then?—I ſhould ſir, had I any: but I dare not truſt myſelf with ſuch a connection; all the men I ever knew would certainly overreach me; I ſhould go twice the lengths for them, that they would go for me.—Such a one as you would make a friend for a king.—But then I ſhould never make a friend of a king. I am told that all, who would pleaſe the great, muſt be flatterers; but the true province of friendſhip is, to mind us of our faults.——For that very purpoſe I engage you, ſaid Adolphus; I am your king!

The youth, all abaſhed, fell precipitately at his feet; but the monarch

as haſtily raiſed and took him to his embrace.

From that day Valvaiſe became the favourite and boſom confident of his royal maſter. He had not, indeed, the burden of the ſtate laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied truſts; all thoſe he declined, wholly ſatisfied and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the boſom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaiſe had given to Adolphus the deſired intelligence concerning Adelaide, You muſt go then, my friend, you muſt go, ſaid the king, and wooe this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle manners, and winning addreſs; you cannot fail of prevailing in a cauſe, where your heart will be ſo warmly intereſted

intereſted in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly, in the preſence of her mother and a few other witneſſes in whom we may confide; but that this muſt be kept private, at leaſt for a time, for fear of provoking the diſcontents of my people, as they expect I ſhould ſtrengthen my kingdom by ſome foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaiſe! my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my ſoul; I know your worth to be impregnable, impaſſible, unaſſailable.

Valvaiſe, all tranſport, all ardour, by his emotions and glowing countenance, pathetically though ſilently aſſured his maſter of a zealous and faithful execution of his commiſſion; and inſtantly retired without farther promiſe.

On

On the following day, he applied himſelf to Adelmale, the mother of Adelaide, and fluſhed her with the ambition and eager deſire of ſeeing her darling offſpring exalted to royalty, to happineſs conſummate. But Adelaide, during a number of viſits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her ſentiments under the ſemblance of baſhful maidenhood and modeſt reſerve.

At length Valvaiſe grew importunate, and ſet forth the advantages of his propoſal in the moſt ſtriking lights. He held up to her imagination the perſonal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and diſpoſition that ever informed humanity. And, finally, obſerving to her, that Adolphus was more ſuperior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in public

public ſtation, he urged her aſſent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep fetched ſigh; then raiſing her head, and giving a ſide glance that entered the heart of the orator, Tell me, Valvaiſe, ſaid ſhe, lives there a man upon earth, in whoſe ſuit you would plead ſo warmly as in that of Adolphus?—No, madam, not in the univerſe.—And yet, ſhe bluſhingly and heſitatingly returned, there lives a certain perſon in whoſe ſuit you might plead with much better ſucceſs.

Alas, ſhe continued, what is Adolphus to me? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty; it loves the littleneſs and lowneſs, the ſweet vales and deſcents of life; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows and groves, and ſeeks not neither can find any kind

of joy, ſave in the affections of its ſpecies, and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaiſe, as I am told, are not of haughty deſcent; your manners are ſweetly mild, your perſon is conformable, and it is the moſt ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companion wholly ſuitable to yourſelf.

Ah! exclaimed Valvaiſe, whither, whither wouldſt thou lead me, thou perilous beauty? Alas, I was already but too prone to follow the ſight of the Syren; and wanted not the additional enchantment of her voice, to ſeduce and to ſink me into a deeper perdition. But honour, virtue, gratitude, ſhall ſtand at my ſide; they ſhall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herſelf ſhall not be able to looſe. No! though heaven were opened this inſtant before me, and all

the

the powers and glories and bleſſedneſs thereof conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at the coſt of my friend's happineſs, or of my own treaſon. It could not be a heaven to me upon ſuch conditions; through eternity I ſhould be wretched, in the condemnation of myſelf.

Unhappy Adelaide, cried the fair one! what a peculiar ſeverity there is in thy fate—to be excluded from all poſſibility of hope, by the very virtues that ſerve to encreaſe thy paſſion! Be it ſo, then, my friend; let us be greatly, let us be nobly, let us be willingly miſerable; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyment! Periſh, periſh Adelaide, ſo the faith of my Valvaiſe live renowned through ages!

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a ſacrifice I make you at this inſtant! Yes, thou bright perfection, I muſt bid a laſting adieu, while there is will, while ſtrength is left to tear myſelf away! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu, for—For ever, O, for ever! is it not ſo, cried Adelaide? and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaiſe; you muſt not debar me of one ſhort farewell, the memory of which may ſerve, through life and in death, to be my conſolation. It is an expreſſion of the eſteem which I owe to your honour.

So ſaying, ſhe broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch inſtantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flaſh of aſcending lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, ſeized her hand, preſſed

preſſed it ſilently to his boſom, haſtily roſe, and retired.

Adelaide had an only brother, an officer in the king's guards, whoſe name was Alleran. He came on a viſit of affection to his ſiſter, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaiſe in her arms. He inſtantly laid his hand on his ſword, to waſh away the imagined diſhonour of his family. But, being ſtruck with the reſerved demeanour of Valvaiſe, he deemed it prudent to make no buſtle in the buſineſs, till he had called the ſuppoſed aggreſſor to a ſtrict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent ſearch of the diſturber of his repoſe; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience and earneſtly beſought a private audience of his majeſty. He

caſt himſelf with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and aſked, with a reſpectful ardour, if he had authoriſed Valvaiſe in any addreſs to his ſiſter Adelaide?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, ſaid the king? if ſo, I think I may ſafely put my confidence in you.——Yes, Alleran, I did authoriſe Valvaiſe to addreſs your ſiſter; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his maſter, in order to exalt and make her the beloved of my boſom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, moſt baſely betrayed, rejoined Alleran: by all that is ſacred to the ſoul of truth and honour, theſe eyes beheld that Valvaiſe fondly circled and careſſed within the arms of my ſiſter.

There

There wanted no more. A cloud of ſorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, inſtantly involved the ſpirit and aſpect of the monarch in darkneſs. His Valvaiſe had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting. But, jealouſy, diſdain, and the upriſings of rage, at finding himſelf ſo ungratefully ſo cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bitterneſs; and he conſoled himſelf with the idea of ſeeing his late favourite expiring in ſlow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He ſent preſſing orders to have him inſtantly ſeized. But, being informed that Valvaiſe had abſconded, he iſſued hot and haſty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, purſued, and brought alive to his preſence; for he deemed a ſimple death

to be infinitely beneath the ſatisfaction that was due to his injured friendſhip; and he wiſhed for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and pepetuate his torments.

Thus Adolphus continued in a ſtate that might envy the moſt wretched of his vaſſals, his boſom torn with a variety of diſtracting and conflicting paſſions; when, on the fourth day, he received the following letter from his deteſted, though late, his ſo dearly beloved.

" SIRE,

" SIRE,

" I am now fifty leagues removed " from your preſence, and truſt ſoon " to be paſt the juſtice of your reſent- " ment.—But no, I cannot fly it.— " Would to heaven I had rather ſtay- " ed, and atoned my crime in part, " by ſuffering the puniſhment that " was due to my perfidy.—Death " would ſurely, at laſt, have delivered " me from you, from myſelf, from " the gnawing of the worm that dieth " not within me, that no abſence can " mitigate, no diſtance evade!—Yes, " Adolphus, your image, your friend- " ſhip, cling faſt to my memory; " they continue to load me with in- " ſupportable favours, and my ſoul " groans and ſtruggles under the un- " remitting oppreſſion.—And is it " then poſſible that I ſhould have be- " trayed you? I can ſcarce think it " poſſible.—Did I not love you with

" a love paſſing that of ſelf preſerva-
" tion? would I not have bled, have
" died for you, have ſuffered all ex-
" tremities to bring you any acceſſion
" of happineſs? Yes, moſt aſſuredly.
" —Alas, how is it then, that my will,
" againſt my will, has injured you,
" my maſter; has mortally wounded
" you in the moſt vital part, in your
" love for the too adorable the too
" faſcinating Adelaide!—Ah, why did
" I enterpriſe the perilous taſk enjoined
" me? while I wiſhed, while I endea-
" voured and ſtruggled to ſerve you, I
" fell in my own weakneſs; I fell, my-
" ſelf, a prey to her all-ſubduing beau-
" ties.—Thus, while I conſtrained my
" tongue to plead the cauſe of my king,
" my eyes muſt have pleaded the cauſe
" of the traitor Valvaiſe. There, there
" lies the heart and pith of my tranſ-
" greſſion againſt you. I will not de-
" ceive you; I will not conceal from

 " you,

" you, that I have robbed you of a
" portion of the affections of your
" Adelaide.——But, I will avenge
" you, my maſter; I will do you
" ample juſtice upon my own head.
" I tear myſelf away for ever. No
" more ſhall mine eye behold the
" heart-chearing face of friendſhip,
" or the ſeducing face of love. I tear
" myſelf for ever from Adolphus,
" from Adelaide, from the two, the
" only objects within the circling
" moon, that could caſt a ray of
" comfort upon my benighted ſpirit.
" All elſe is a vacant wild, a vale of
" horrors and deſolation.—O miſery!
" But I embrace it; my ſoul ſhall
" brood and dwell upon it; it is the
" portion, the only portion that I
" chuſe on this ſide of eternity.

" In the mean time, my lord, be
" you your own advocate. Appear,

" in your native attractions, before the " eyes of the deluded beauty, and " the memory of Valvaiſe ſhall quickly " fleet away, as the gleam of a tran- " ſient meteor before the riſing light " of the ſun.

" Be happy O Adolphus, be happy " in your Adelaide, be happy above " conception!——When I hear that " you are ſo, a beam of returning joy " may once more inform the breaſt " of

" VALVAISE."

Adolphus, in entering on the firſt part of this letter, was inſtantly ſtung with vexation and diſappointment by the fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaiſe. As he proceeded, however, his heart began to be ſoftened by the condemnation which the criminal denounced againſt himſelf. But

again, when he came where Valvaiſe dared to avow his paſſion for Adelaide, and her anſwering regards, the flame of his reſentment rekindled and roſe aloft. Yet this fire was much allayed by the ſubſequent ſentiments; and he found himſelf, at the cloſe, inconſiſtently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and oppoſite paſſions.

He wiſhed not that any eye ſhould ſee how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and ſhut himſelf in; he ſcanned it over and over; and, pauſingly, over again. At every reviſal, his Valvaiſe appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity deſcended on his ſoul, as dew on a nightly tempeſt, and bid the ſtorm be ſtill.

Ah, he cried, Valvaiſe alſo, I find, is a ſon of the fallen Adam!——Were any

any exempt from frailty, he ſurely had been the man.——Yet, he fought, he reſiſted; and, when he found he could not prevail, he tore himſelf from temptation, though the temptation was Adelaide.——He does more, he deteſts himſelf for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces endleſs vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whoſe happineſs he prefers to his own exiſtence.—This is more than to have conquered: ſuch frailty riſes even above perfection!—Return then, my brother! return, my Valvaiſe!—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love; bereave me not of friendſhip alſo, for ſo ſhould your king be without conſolation.——Return I ſay, my brother! and I will ſtrive to be your competitor in honour and generoſity.—You would deprive yourſelf of your beloved,

for

for the ſake of your friend: but your friend ſhall return the boon; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happineſs of his Valvaiſe!

The deſolate Valvaiſe had diſpatched the foregoing letter from a houſe that ſtood far on his rout to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young ſtudents, the one named Duplaiſe, and the other Chriſtiern; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the miniſter to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, juſtly inferred, that he had a right of aſylum with thoſe who were indebted to him for their honours and emoluments.

Duplaiſe received his benefactor with tranſport, and entertained him with magnificence.

magnificence. On the next morning he cautiouſly entered the chamber of his gueſt before day. Having gently awaked him,—Pardon, ſaid he, my dear patron, this neceſſary intruſion! Yeſterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the town-houſe, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thouſand ducats propoſed for your head. I will not aſk how you incurred the diſpleaſure of your king; it is ſufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I truſt that you are not known here to any ſave myſelf; it may be otherwiſe however, and the temptation to betray you is great.—I forbore to appriſe you of theſe matters laſt night, for fear of diſcompoſing you.—Alas, while I endeavoured to appear chearful, in honour of my gueſt, my heart was wrung on his account.—

Haſte,

Haſte, my beloved friend, eſcape for your precious life!—A ſhort repaſt, with other matters, are prepared for your departure; and my three ſwifteſt horſes, by the morrow's early noon, ſhall convey you and your faithful followers—ſuch I truſt they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaiſe, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he gratefully regarded thoſe who approved their regard for it. He ſtraitly embraced his hoſt. I thank you, my friend, ſaid he; but I will not take the advantage of your hoſpitality. You are a ſubject, you are in office; do your duty to your ſovereign, and the laws of your country: I reſign myſelf to your cuſtody. I knew I was a loſt man; but I will conſole myſelf in hoping, that my depreſſion may be the means of exalting the generous Duplaiſe.

Duplaiſe,

Duplaiſe, for the firſt time, turned an eye of reſentment and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus, he cried, another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor?

If nothing elſe will prevail, replied Valvaiſe, the law of ſelf-preſervation muſt conſtrain you to deliver me up to juſtice; your own life will, otherwiſe, be the forfeit of my eſcape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaiſe, that it might even be ſo! with what tranſport ſhould I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how deſirable! I would not exchange it for the longeſt and happieſt life upon earth.

Brother

Brother of the ſentiment of my inmoſt ſoul! cried Valvaiſe, be it ſo!—you have conquered—it is but juſt, that the greater virtue ſhould triumph over the leſs.——He then opened a ſmall caſket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had ſtript from his own hat, and given to his favourite; Accept of this, my friend, ſaid he, as a kind though little remembrancer! When you ſhall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that ſuch a perſon as your unhappy Valvaiſe was once among the living.

Duplaiſe at once turned his head and heart aſide from the dazzling temptation; and, thruſting the gift back with a nobly averted hand, Talk not to me, he cried, of tokens and remembrances: is there a bit I eat, a reſpect I receive, any object I ſee about me, that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendſhip

friendſhip and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaiſe ſmiles in their ſmiles, and comes to my heart in the midſt of their careſſes. O, my friend, my beloved, even next and near to my God! I feel no irkſomneſs, no weight under your many obligations; the burden is light and delightful unto me; and the ſenſe of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaiſe put on with ſuch ſpeed, that, ere it was turned of noon, he had gained upward of twenty leagues, and deemed himſelf paſt danger of caption or purſuit.

His principal attendant then rode up, and taking out a large purſe ſtuffed with gold of different coins, My lord,

ſaid

ſaid he, your friend Duplaiſe enjoined me not to preſent you with this, till the diſtance ſhould put it paſt your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys for your liberality.

Valvaiſe, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus; but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Chriſtiern preſided, he held it unkind to paſs his fellow ſtudent without a viſit.

Chriſtiern welcomed his patron with demonſtrations of joy ſurpaſſing thoſe of Duplaiſe, and with reſpects befitting none ſave his king or rather his God. His entertainment was ſuch, that the generous Valvaiſe deemed it ungrateful not

not to place an entire confidence in him; and, taking him apart, he informed him of the diſgrace he was in with his maſter, and of the tempting reward that was promiſed for his capture.

The countenance of his hoſt inſtantly fell on this intelligence, his converſe grew confuſed, and his demeanour conſtrained. Valvaiſe, however, was unſuſpecting of treachery in the caſe, till he was awakened by ſixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely haſtened him to riſe; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a cloſe carriage, and ſat out in the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, diſconſolate Adelaide pined in ſecret during the abſence of her beloved, and the hidden

malady

malady began to prey upon her health and her complexion. At length ſhe heard of the fatal orders that had iſſued againſt her Valvaiſe; and, caſting all concerns ſave thoſe of her paſſion aſide, ſhe hurried to court, and precipitately caſt herſelf at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were preſent ſave the officers in waiting, who kept a reſpectful diſtance.

The king was at once ſurprized and affected by the ſuddeneſs of her appearance, and the diſtreſs of her action. He would have ſpoken, but was prevented. Ah, my liege! ſhe exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in ſtore for thoſe who wiſh to lay down their lives for his ſake, what recompence does he keep in reſerve for traitors? I underſtand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive

me

me of Adelaide. Valvaiſe alſo is a traitor; he confeſſes himſelf a traitor; he was ſeen in your embraces!—That may be, my lord; but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaiſe.—Let him give me your heart, and I will give him my kingdom.—Ah, my lord, it is a worthleſs heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it to you, with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and ſoul alſo. I wooed him for myſelf, he wooed me only for his maſter; and when I would have retained him by my tears and my careſſes, he rent himſelf from my arms, and vowed, at his departure, that could I have joined heaven to the offer of my perſon, he would not accept an eternity of bliſs at the coſt of a ſingle act of infidelity to Adolphus.

O, Ade-

O, Adelaide! exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he, alone, can deſerve the whole treaſure of your affections! I wiſh to be juſt, and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved, he loved you with paſſion, while he tore himſelf from you: but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breaſt ſo noble as his, ſurpaſſed even his love of Adelaide!

In that inſtant, the caitiff Chriſtiern broke into the preſence. Audacity ſat on his brow, and ſelf approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty; but quickly riſing again to the top of his ſtature, he confidently addreſſed the throne.

So pleaſe you, my liege, you now behold before you the moſt loyal, the

moſt attached of all ſubjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, ſinks all other duties, all other conſiderations. Valvaiſe and I were bred together from our infancy; we were fellow ſtudents, ſworn brothers: his friendſhip procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or poſſeſſions. He lately came to my houſe, claimed the protection of my roof, and, in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your diſpleaſure. But as ſoon as I underſtood that he was obnoxious to my king, and that the royal proclamation had iſſued againſt him, I became a Samſon in my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to ſhreds; I had him ſeized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the ſentence that your juſtice ſhall paſs upon him.

Adolphus,

Adolphus, for part of an hour, ſat in ſilent aſtoniſhment: he was ſhocked, he was terrified. He looked on Chriſtiern with a diſguſted and indignant eye, as ſomewhat newly ſtarted up, ſome horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws divine and human, that the burſting in ſunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendſhip, of confidence and hoſpitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favour of Adolphus? He who feels not theſe ties, can have no faith, no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his God.—Here! take this miſcreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thouſand fathom deep, from the deteſting face of the ſun; and let all, who are of his blood, be baniſhed our dominions for ever, leſt Sweden

ſhould ſhortly be over-run with monſters!

Pale, ſpeechleſs, and aghaſt, ſtood the wretched convict. Eagerly they ſeized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution; ſo odious and ſo unpitied, even in miſery, is the guilt of ingratitude!

The king then ordered the priſoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet ſlaviſhly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearleſs, but modeſt and dejected; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raiſe his eye to the face of a maſter, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, ſaid the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injuſtice of his orders? Bleſſed be the orders, returned Valvaiſe, that give me once

once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord!

Then ſuddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he ſtarted and changed. Ah madam, he cried, you are here then.—Heaven be praiſed! You have, queſtionleſs, reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart, where excellence claims the whole, entire and undivided, and where all that we are and that we have is due.—But then I ſee you not, where I truſted you ſhould ſoon be exalted; I ſee you not on the throne, or at the ſide of our maſter.—Would you wiſh then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival?—From my ſoul, I wiſh it, my lord; becauſe I love her happineſs, even more than I love her perſon.

Adelaide, ſaid the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to ſtep and unbind the priſoner, and reſtore him to the arms and to the boſom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart, her aſpect all in a glow, ſet about her commiſſion; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haſte to ſet him at liberty.

The monarch then deſcended, and advancing with opened arms, he claſped and reclapſed Valvaiſe to his breaſt. O, welcome, thrice welcome, he cried, to thy late deſolate manſion, thy ſeat within my boſom!—Adelaide has told me all; has born inconteſtable teſtimony to your truth, to an honour that is impaſſable

paſſable, to a virtue that riſes above ſeduction, to a friendſhip that ſacrificed whatever you held moſt dear to the intereſts of the man who put his confidence in you.—What ſhall I do, my brother, to recompenſe your love?—I will try—I will ſtrive to emulate the nobleneſs of your exmple.—I will, in my turn, ſubdue my own paſſions.—I will reſtore to your generoſity, what I held dearer than empire, dearer than life.—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king, by reſembling Valvaiſe!

Long ſilence enſued.——Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaiſe, in ſearch of the inmoſt emotions of his ſoul; and finding them conformable to the generoſity of her own ſentiments,——No my lord, ſhe cried, Valvaiſe will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections

ſhall be ſupremely happy; till you have found to yourſelf an Adelaide, whoſe heart is undivided, who is wholly worthy of you by the conſtellation of her excellencies.——I firſt learned to love, by admiring, in Valvaiſe, that fealty, that favour of affection which he had for his maſter; and could he taſte of conſolation while you taſted of regret, he would inſtantly loſe the charm by which he engaged me; I ſhould deſpiſe, I ſhould reject him.—No no, it cannot be! we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our laſt parting, to keep ſeparate for your ſake; and not to accept of any happineſs, ſave what virtue and the conſciouſneſs of acting nobly might yield.

Here, continued Mr. Thomaſon, the relater of this tale was called ſuddenly away; and I could not learn the

the ſequel, though I enquired at many hands.

I thank you, my dear young friend, ſaid my father. You have feelingly proved the verity and very eſſence of virtue, throughout the three principal characters of your delighting ſtory. But I would, if poſſible, be more intimately informed of its nature. I would know from what ſource the many and differing virtues proceed; whether they bear any, and what relation, to each other; and whether there may not be a common center to which they all tend?

Every ſpecies of virtue, replied Mr. Thomaſon, is a ſpecies of BENEVOLENCE. It is a propenſity or diſpoſition to acts of beneficence; A WILL TO DO GOOD—the ſame in the creature, that is in the Creator. It is a deſire,

a thirſt to diffuſe and communicate bleſſings: and the farther it goes in this delightful progreſſion, the wider reaches its dominion, its riches, and revenues; and, in proportion to the extent of its ardour in bleſſing, it finds itſelf unavoidably, inevitably bleſſed!

Your doctrine, my amiable friend, rejoined my father, is very conſonant and pleaſing to my feelings, I aſſure you; but then it is not near ſo convincing to my reaſon or experience. There are a number of religious virtues, ſuch as patience, temperance, meekneſs, humility, and ſo forth, that ſeem to be almoſt wholly perſonal, and confined to the relation between the party and his God. For the preſent, I ſhall only requeſt to be informed, how the capital male virtue, called Courage, which, from the beginning, has incited your

heroes

heroes and great conquerors to the deſolation of the world and deſtruction of mankind, can any way be a partaker in the works of beneficence or the effects of good will. I would farther be informed, how the capital female virtue, called Chaſtity, can conſiſt in benevolence, while, the inſtant that it ceaſes to be perſonal and confined, in that very inſtant it ceaſes to be a virtue.

Sir, ſaid the young ſtranger, I ſhall, with your good pleaſure, reſpond to all and every of your queſtions and doubts in their natural place and order, provided you allow me to premiſe ſome little matters.

Agreeable to the late ſtate of my anſwer to the moſt capital of all queſtions, "What is Virtue?" be pleaſed to reflect, that, when a man

behaves himſelf toward you with a regardful and affectionate complacence; when he ſeeks occaſion to do you all kinds of friendly offices; when he ſeems to make light of having ſerved you, at the coſt of his own ſubſtance, his time, or his travail—you diſcern nothing in all this of a mean or ſtinted nature: your ſpirit goes forth to receive him with a grateful and warm embrace; you feel an expanded and deepening delight in your ſenſe of his generous, his diſintereſted Benevolence; and you cannot avoid imputing it to him for Virtue.

But, ſhould you thereafter come to diſcover, that all theſe acts of apparent good will and beneficence ſprung from narrow, baſe, ſelfiſh, ſuppoſe from vicious motives, that aimed at the ſeduction of your wife or your daughter; you will no longer hold yourſelf bound

bound by the benefits received; you will reject, ſcorn, deteſt the benefactor with abhorrence; and you may farther be apt to deem yourſelf entitled to a retaliation of the wrong which the deceiver had imagined.

I cannot, ſir, ſo clearly, ſo forcibly ſet forth that heart-felt attachment which all have to every inſtance of diſintereſted benevolence, as by ſetting forth that contempt, that invincible averſion, which all feel for motives merely ſelfiſh in others.

Moſt men look upon Self as the whole of their exiſtence, as the ſum total of all in which they are concerned or intereſted. Self is, in them, a Narciſſus, ſelf-delighted, ſelf-enamoured; it craves and claims, as its right and prerogative, the attentions, the loves, and reſpects of mankind; but,

but, does it acquire them? O, never, never, never! Self never was beloved, never will be beloved; never was honourable or reſpectable in the eye of any creature. It may put on falſe appearances, and fraudulently cheat us into unmerited regards: when in power, we tremble at it; when in ſtation, our bodies bow down before it: but, the inſtant that it is uncovered, that it is ſeen to be nothing but Self; our hearts inwardly diſavow the profeſſions of our lips, and the obeyſance of our perſons. Even the characters of the patriot, of the hero, of the friend, and the lover, are only ſo far amiable, ſo far revereable, as they are ſuppoſed to have gone forth from the confines of Self.

There are perſons of ſuch a levity, diſſipation, and giddy titter of ſpirit, that they turn away with diſguſt from every object that might diſpoſe them to

to a ſerious or melting mood. The gay, volatile, and frivolous, is alone to their taſte and turn; and they ſhudder at the propoſal of going to a tragedy, as they would at the thoughts of going to a funeral.

There are others, on the contrary, of a melting and kindly caſt, who ſeek the ſcene of affliction, and the manſion of diſtreſs; who delight to grieve in the grief of others; to conſole them by a ſocial participation of their woe; and to impart to them the bounty of their ſighs and their tears, where no other remedy or comfort may be left.

They know not how, or why, is this. They wonder within themſelves at the pleaſure that they take in giving themſelves pain. Ah, the pain is amply recompenſed, while accompanied by the

the ſecret perceptibility of Benevolence; while they feel that they are carried quite out of themſelves, in the ſocial, the generous, and divine ſenſibilities of their heart-delighting God. Such a houſe of mourning is more celeſtially, more eſſentially joyous to the ſoul, than all the feſtivity that fleſh and ſenſe can pour upon it.

I have now, I truſt, cleared my way to the queſtion on your capital male virtue, called Courage.

True courage, ſir, has a two-fold virtue in it. Firſt, it has that of diſregarding the danger and damage that may threaten itſelf; and ſecondly, it has the virtue of extending its powers to the ſupport of the weak, the defence of the aſſaulted, the vindication of the injured, and the ſuppreſſion and caſtigation of the ſpoiler and oppreſſor.

While courage is thus employed, it is benevolent, it is beneficent, it is juſtly it is exaltedly reſpectable and amiable. But, when a ſpurious and falſe appearance of the quality, called Courage, through motives of ambition or deſire of applauſe, or any other incitements merely perſonal and ſelfiſh, exerts its powers in a manner ſeemingly worthy of praiſe, it yet loſes the whole nature and ought to forfeit the name of Virtue; and it wants nothing ſave to have thoſe motives detected, to become contemptible and deteſtable in the eyes of mankind.

Few things have occaſioned ſo great a variety of claſhing opinions, or have had ſo wide an influence on the tempers, the morals, and the cuſtoms of mankind, as the ſentiments entertained reſpecting this quality called Courage.

The

The world, who has been a block-head from the beginning, and is not likely to grow a whit wiſer to the end, the world, I ſay, has, almoſt univerſally, held Courage to conſiſt in action and proweſs; in the wrathfulneſs and death-doing hand of an Achilles; or in the kindling ſpirit of thoſe, who will not bear the ſmalleſt appearance of an inſult, who will burſt through all the bands of friendſhip and humanity rather than allow the ſlighteſt word or look of imagined diſreſpect to paſs unrevenged or unblooded. Wherefore, as truth and nature lie buried under ſuch an accumulation of cuſtoms and prejudices, it may be neceſſary to ſet up ſuch criterions and land-marks, as ſhall ſave us from ſtraying in our diſquiſition and ſearch after this ſo highly reſpected virtue.

All

All are clearly agreed in their ideas of this poſition, that Courage and fear are in their natures incompatible; that wherever Courage is, ſo far as it prevails, it caſts aſide fear; and that wherever fear is, ſo far as it prevails, it caſts aſide Courage.

Now, one of the ſureſt ſymptoms of fear, is anger; for, what ſhould provoke us to anger againſt that from which we have nothing to apprehend? I once ſaw a huge maſtiff walking peaceably through a country village, when a little wretch of a cur ruſhed from one of the hamlets and made a furious aſſault: he ſprung up toward the throat of the patient creature; but not being able to reach it, he exerciſed his inveteracy by biting at his heels. The noble brute, being thus teized and peſtered by his deſpicable adverſary, ſet a monſtrous fore-paw upon

upon him and preſſed him to the earth, while, lifting a hind leg, he poured upon him the loweſt mark of contempt; and then permitted the impotent animal to riſe, who ran all diſmayed and yelping away. I queſtion if this prince of dogs, in all his conqueſts and engagements with his equals in combat, had ever given ſo inconteſtable a proof of the truth of his courage as he did at this period.

The ſaid little anecdote may ſerve to illuſtrate an approved obſervation, that cowards are cruel, but that the brave delight in forbearance and mercy. The reaſon of this is deeply founded in nature.

Cowardice has no concern or intereſt in any thing ſave Self. Provided that Self is ſafe and unhurt, it cares not what calamities may fall or be poured

poured upon the reſt of mankind. When it feels an apprehenſion of danger however diſtant, it conceives an implacable hatred againſt the point or party from whence the danger may proceed: wrath and revenge anticipate the dreaded damage in its boſom; and it is ſtudious and ſolicitous, by all, by any means, however treacherous or deadly, to prevent the nearer approach of the hurt apprehended.

Let us now enquire, what portion of genuine Courage the heroes of the applauded cuſtom of duelling can boaſt.

The man who, purpoſely and deliberately, thirſts after the blood and life of his fellow, is poſſeſſed by as dark and inhuman a dæmon, as he who dwelt among the tombs. But, duelliſts are not wholly of this malignant nature; it is not cruelty, but cowardice, that compels them to engage.

The

The world, diſpaſſionately, halloos them at each other, as it would ſet maſtiffs or game cocks at variance for the diverſion of the ſpectators. It ſays to theſe combatants, "For ſhame, gentlemen, be juſt to your own honour; reſpect yourſelves above God and mankind! better to bleed, to periſh, than to live with reproach." And thus, frequently, without reſentment or ill will to their opponents, men plunge their reluctant weapons into the boſoms of each other, being ſcared and impelled thereto by the ſpectre called cenſure, which they dread even worſe than death or futurity.

Courage may well be ſupported in time of action or conteſt; it has not leiſure to ſink or droop during an agitation of ſpirits. But, when theſe ſtays are removed, when calamity or death comes to meet us in all the ſilent apparatus

paratus and black pomp of impending deſtruction, the Courage that can give it an undiſmayed and calm welcome muſt be from above.

The moſt indubitable, the moſt divine ſpecies of courage, ſubſiſts in PATIENCE—when the ſoul is diveſted and ſtript of all external aſſiſtances; when the aſſaults are all on one ſide, and no kind of action offenſive or defenſive are admitted on the other, to maintain the flame of life, or ſupport failing exiſtence; but where all the concerns of Self are ſubmitted, without reluctance, to the worſt extremes, to all that the world can inflict, or that time can bring to paſs. Such a PATIENCE opens the gates of the ſoul upon eternity, and lends it wings to iſſue forth in beatified benevolence upon God and all his creatures.

Agreeable

Agreeable to this, the devoted "Captain of our Salvation" was informed with a patience, and conſequently with a courage, infinitely ſurpaſſing all that can be imagined of the ſpirit and heroiſm of renowned antiquity. Earth and hell had united their utmoſt efforts againſt him: his diſappointed countrymen gnaſhed at him with their teeth; they and their forefathers had looked for a temporal Meſſiah, who ſhould deliver them from ſubjection, and conſtitute them lords and rulers and princes of the earth. But when this their true and all-gracious Meſſiah declared, that he came to invite them to a better kingdom of peace, and that his dominion was not of this world; they could ſet no limits to the inveteracy and madneſs of their rage, which was farther enflamed by all the powers of darkneſs

neſs againſt this their only feared and only formidable foe.

Wherefore, they took, and bound, ſcourged, buffetted, reviled, mocked, ſpurned, and ſpit upon him; they pierced through, and rent in ſunder, the fibred and feeling ſeats of the moſt exquiſite ſenſation; and, while he cried, "Father forgive them, they know not "what they do!" they lifted his agonizing body on high, that all might deride and make ſport of his anguiſh; till, being nearly all a wound, and every ſuffering inflicted and expended upon him, by tortures the moſt poignant moſt bitter and excruciating, that humanity, on this ſide death, could ſuſtain, he bowed his ſacred head, triumphantly cried "It "is finiſhed!" and iſſued forth in warm and limitleſs benevolence to the ſalvation which he had purchaſed,

through his love tranſcending love, for the univerſe of his lapſed creatures.

I am very ſenſible, ſir, that the matters, which I have preſumed to ſet forth, ſtand counter to all the opinions perſuaſions and cuſtoms received and eſtabliſhed, from the beginning of the world, by almoſt all mankind: but, in the inveſtigation of truth, one ought to examine things ſimply, as they ſtand in nature, without bias or attention to any authority ſave that of truth alone.

My precious youth, replied my father, your allegations, hitherto, carry their evidence within them; they are rooted as deep as nature, and their branches aſcend the higheſt heaven. This, indeed, is to ſift and boult matters to the bran; it is diving to the very bottom of the well where truth was ſunk, and lifting her up in all her beauties

beauties to the face of the ſun.—I would you might explain, with any reſembling clarity, how the virtue of chaſtity, with thoſe of temperance, humility, meekneſs, and the like, can affect or be affected by your great and comprehenſive virtue of Benevolence, wherein you make all and every virtue to conſiſt.

With regard to the virtue of chaſtity, ſaid Mr. Thomaſon, which you emphatically term female, independent of that purity of heart and inclinations which render a chaſte woman a ſpecial object of delight to God and his holy angels, it is a virtue, of all others, the moſt important to mankind, and of the moſt diffuſive tendency, reſpecting Benevolence, of any of the virtues you yet have named. On this capital hinge, the whole family of the human ſpecies,

the great and extenſive brotherhood of man, is ſuſpended.

The conſequences and influences of female chaſtity reach through earth and heaven, through time and through eternity. Woman is the ſacred repoſitory, wherein and whereto the Supreme of Beings hath been pleaſed to entruſt the divine ſemblances and images of his ever bleſſed perſon; the grand nurſery, the appointed community of thoſe ſaints, that are to rejoice with their all-gracious Prototype from eternity to eternity.

Woe to the wretch, who ſhall make a breach or inroad into this divine inſtitution and economy of her creator; who ſhall horridly introduce the brutal cuſtom of common beſtiality into the elect ſpecies of the children of God! But thrice bleſſed is ſhe, who

ſhall

ſhall preſerve the entruſted temple of the human—form-divine, to be returned to him a chaſte depoſit and oblation without ſpot or defilement.

Hiſtory affords ſeveral ſhining inſtances of female chaſtity. The moſt celebrated, but leaſt of all entitled to praiſe, as I take it, is that of Lucretia.

Young Tarquin, ſon to the king of Rome, became deſperately enamoured of her, though wife to his friend and kinſman Collatinus. He entered her chamber at midnight, with a dagger in his graſp, and threatened inſtant death if ſhe refuſed to comply with his wiſhes; but ſhe boldly bid him ſtrike, and ſaid ſhe choſe death before diſhonour. He then ſwore, that, if ſhe did not conſent to his embraces, he would cover her name and cha-

racter with ever-during infamy; and that, after killing her, he would ſtab one of her male ſlaves, and lay him in her bed, and declare that he had caught them in the act of adultery.

This laſt threat prevailed. She could not bear to be reputed a ſtrumpet by the publie, and ſhe ſurrendered her virtue to ſave her reputation. She afterward ſhed her blood in atonement of her conſent; but the ſtain ſtill remains.—I pity, but cannot acquit or honour her.

How incomparably more worthy the plaudit of men and angels, was the behaviour of Suſanna! Two of the principal elders of Iſrael, whoſe characters were held ſacred and reverable among the people, conſpired againſt her for the gratification of their luſts. They came upon her in her garden,

while

while bathing and alone; and threatened, if ſhe refuſed to admit their careſſes, they would bear witneſs they had caught her in the fact with a paramour, and, by their joint teſtimony, at once deprive her of reputation and life.

This, ſhe was ſenſible, was in their power, and ſhe doubted not of their reſolution to effect their execrable purpoſe. But ſhe continued unſhaken; and determined to ſurrender both life and fame, rather than ſwerve from the ordinance of her God, or yield her chaſte body to the touch of pollution.

She was, conſequently, arraigned and condemned upon the teſtimony of her falſe accuſers, grown ancient in ſin. But on the way, while they conducted her to execution, God ſent his young prophet to deliver his approved ſer-

vant, and to retort on the grey and perjured heads of her adverſaries the death and defamation which they had machinated againſt her.

There are ſeveral other ſignal proofs of female purity recorded in ſtory. Such as that of a young lady, who, to avoid the careſſes of Demetrius, the moſt beautiful and accompliſhed prince of the age, caſt herſelf into a cauldron of boiling water.

But that, which ſtands foremoſt in the rolls of female renown, which tends higheſt to the eſtimation and reſpectableneſs of the ſex, was exhibited at the celebrated abbey of Glaſtonbury.

A little preceding the reign of Alfred the Great, the Danes invaded England; and, in their rout through the land, a party of their army approached

proached and begirt the abbey, carrying on a degenerate and ignominious warfare againſt feeble and defenceleſs women, againſt the very perſons whom nature, honour, manhood, enjoined them to protect. But the obſcene and licentious ſoldiery had confederated, among themſelves, to ſate their luſts, by the rape of all the virgins.

The alarmed and forlorn ladies were aware of their intention; and, after ſome conſultation, determined on the manner in which they would receive their adverſaries; for the princely and beauteous abbeſs had repreſented to her aſſociates, that the moſt effectual way to repulſe and to quell the abhorred luſts of their invaders, would be wholly to deface thoſe external attractions that excited their deſire.

Wherefore, the moment they heared the gates breaking open, the young mother of theſe maidens began the wondrous precedent, and all her daughters followed the glorious example. They mangled their fair and lovely faces with bloody and affrighting gaſhes.—O the unparalelled beauty of ſuch a deformity! — The Danes ruſhed in, but ſuddenly ſtopped, ſhrunk back with horror, and made a ſlow and ſilent retreat. Again, provoked to be thus defeated of their prey, they gathered heaps of combuſtibles, and ſet fire to the pile on all ſides; while this company of ſacred and incomparable virgins aſcended in the flame, the pureſt and moſt acceptable oblation to the throne of grace and purity, that ever was offered either before or ſubſequent to "the ſa-"crifice on the croſs."

I vow,

I vow, Mr. Thomaſon, ſaid my father in ſome confuſion, you have put me quite to ſhame. How could I be ſo blind as not, in a meaſure, to diſcern the ſtriking beauty of thoſe truths that now appear ſelf-evident, as bright and broad as the noon? I now no longer doubt but that you will alſo draw forth thoſe other virtues, which I mentioned as perſonal and confined, into the glorious element of that diffuſive Benevolence, wherein you ſay that every and all virtue conſiſts.

My revered ſir, anſwered the ſtranger, in the original creation of all intelligent exiſtences, God made them, as he made Adam, a mere capacity at firſt; and thereafter filled their veſſels with the abundance of himſelf, with his own eternity of love beaming forth in benevolence to all his creatures, and with his own powers and glories,

in ſuch a manner and degree, as beſt ſuited to the appointment of their ſeveral natures and ſpheres.

But, when man was tempted to deſire an independence of his creator; when he imagined to himſelf a poſſeſſion of goods and enjoyments, diſtinct from the fountain of all goodneſs and joy; God would no longer be an ungrateful gueſt within him, but left him to experience the conſequences of his apoſtacy and defection.

Thus emptied of his late heaven of love, goodneſs, and glory, the latent hell of his creaturely ſelf began to awaken in him: ſtrange paſſions and ſtrange luſts ſprung up from the depth of his ſoul; an inſatiate and reſtleſs craving; a pride that yearned to exalt itſelf above all that had life; an eating envy of the imagined bliſs of other

exiſtences; a fell hatred of their perſons; and a wrathfulneſs that was eager to rend the world to pieces.

Hence, when THE REDEEMER came to recover and reſtore, when he deſcended in the promiſe that "The ſeed "of the woman ſhould cruſh the "head of the ſerpent," he had a twofold work to do: all the aforeſaid infernal paſſions were firſt to be utterly eradicated and eraſed; and man was, of neceſſity, to be emptied of himſelf, before he could again be repleniſhed and filled with his God.

In this neceſſity, ſir, the virtues which you mentioned of temperance, mortification, forbearance, meekneſs, humility, and the like, take their root and their origin, as they are preparatory and open the heart and the will to that great and final virtue, even to

that

that unbeginning, that bleſſing and boundleſs Benevolence, which conſtitutes The Heaven of God and of all his reſembling creatures.

God, my deareſt ſir, can take no manner of delight in the pains, ſufferings, afflictions, or diſtreſſes of his offspring. But, when man turned all the good things of this world into matters of evil and damage to himſelf; of provocations and incitements to ſenſuality, avarice, pride, envy, rapine, rancour, conteſt, and all the black train of malignant and rueful vices that rend the heart and ſpirit, and have turned this ſcene of ſublunary things into a mere "Aceldama," a field of blood and human carnage; God, as it were, was graciouſly neceſſitated to counteract the ſpreading poiſon, and to convert all the evils of this ſhort and wretched

wretched life into matters of enduring and ever encreasing bleſſedneſs.

He, therefore, made prophets and preachers, kindly monitors, friends, and phyſicians, of all the pains, calamities, griefs, depreſſions and deaths, that are incident to this vale of mortality and tears.

Theſe are the angels which he ſends throughout the earth, to warn his beloved, however erring creatures, to turn, to advert to him, and to open their boſoms to that peace and beatitude which, with himſelf, he is ever deſirous of pouring into the depth and capacity of their ſouls.

Theſe are the only conſtraints, by which he would "compell his often "called to come in." He will not totally violate the freedom of their

option; it is one of the principal articles that conſtitute his own image and divine ſimilitude in them; and he cannot have pleaſure in a forced or unloving ſervice.

Would men open their eyes to the hoſtile and envenomed nature of thoſe carnal indulgences, thoſe pampering luſts, and pride-exalting poſſeſſions, in which they now place their deſire and delight, they would be, as the Syrians in the city of Samaria; they would perceive that they were in the very midſt of their enemies, of enemies irreconcileable to their life and to their peace; they would ſhrink from them with horror, they would fly from them with affright! and they would open their arms to the feared but friendly approach of health-giving calamity, as the priſoner would welcome the meſſenger who ſhould open the gate

to

to freedom, or as the convict would welcome a pardon on the hour of execution.

Ah, misjudging, deluded, and self-executing mortals! Ye reject your own bleſſedneſs, ye thirſt after your own bane: ye take tranſience for permanence, and ſhadow for ſubſtance; and ye feaſt upon that which is deadly and peſtiferous to your being, but turn away from all that is ſalutary with loathing!

Could man be convinced, that he is diſeaſed, and in a lazar-houſe, where nothing is ſo deſirable as to be cured and ſet at liberty from his noiſome abode; could he but be perſuaded that he is ſick of all ſorts of helliſh, ſelfiſh, ſenſual, and ſpiritual diſtempers; he might then be prevailed upon to admit of a remedy.

But

But he ſees nothing, he feels nothing of all this matter: his diſeaſes are his Dalilahs, his idols, and delights; and he rejoices in the poſſeſſion of that whereby he periſhes. His envy calls to ambition to exalt him on high over the heads of his fellows, till his brain turns giddy, and he precipitates in the whirl, like Phaeton from the zenith: his avarice calls to the world to load him with its wealth, till, like Tarpeia, he ſuffocates under the deſired burden: his pride calls to all, to take note of his merits, and to bow down in due obeyſance and veneration before him: and his wrath kindles into conteſt, malice, and deteſtation, againſt all who would oppoſe his ſelf-deſtroying purſuits.

He cannot yet but feel, at times, the malignity of his paſſions, thoſe dogs of hell that gnaw him inward, and thoſe

ſerpents

ſerpents that infix their barbed ſtings within his boſom: but he conceives, that indulgence will beſt ſerve to appeaſe them; and ſo he continues to foſter and cheriſh them to the bitter cloſe of his mortality.

He, on the contrary, who goes forth among his fellows, in the ſpirit of temperance, meekneſs, humiliation, forbearance, and charity; he, who regards not the world, nor the things of the world; has already entered the kingdom of benevolence and love. He cannot get out of it: he cannot envy, or malign, or deſpiſe, or be wrathful, or contentious, concerning matters which he covets not, which he holds in no eſtimation. He looks, with a peaceful and pleaſed regard, and will not divert his eye from the coming weight of beatitude that impends upon him: he already feels the warmth

warmth and dawn of that light, which ſhall ſpeedily be revealed in conſummate glory within him. If he is not exempt from thoſe caſual calamities, or corporal pains, that are incident to the human frame; he yet finds them greatly alleviated by patience, and peace of heart: and he welcomes every ſuffering, he bleſſes every pang, that brings him nearer and nearer to that triumphant and final goal, where hangs the thorny wreath of his ever during glory!

My dear child, my ineſtimable friend, exclaimed my father, you have aſtoniſhed me beyond meaſure. No ſtudy, no ſtretch of genius, could have carried you theſe lengths; neither could fleſh and blood have revealed ſuch deep matters unto you; and I dread to ſee you ſuddenly taken away from

from us, like Manoah's angel in the flame, or like Elijah in the whirlwind.

Deareſt Mr. Thomaſon, ſaid my mother, our daughter has already recited to us all the paſſages which you told her of your deeply affecting hiſtory; but I wiſh to add to the ſtream of the tears I have ſhed. Will you indulge us with a continuation of the heart-delighting narrative? you will at once oblige, improve, and pleaſe us, beyond expreſſion.

Alas, madam, replied the youth, I would to heaven I could obey you! But I have no hiſtory, no life, no narrative, reſpecting myſelf, to relate. And, even regarding others, in my very doleful pilgrimage throughout moſt parts of Europe, I took no manner of note of their manners or uſages; I remember very little of the ſituations

of

of the countries through which I paſſed, and rarely even the names of the parties with whom I ſojourned.

However madam, ſaid he, revereingly bowing and fervently kiſſing her hand, I will do my utmoſt to ſatisfy you by recollecting, the beſt I may, ſome intereſting incidents by which I was extremely affected at the time, though dead, as I deemed myſelf, to all human ſenſations.

Here, Mr. Thomaſon recommenced what might, vulgarly, be termed his hiſtory; but which, in fact, was neither a hiſtory of himſelf, or of any other perſon breathing. It was rather a hiſtory of the ſecret proceſs and workings of God in the human heart; a hiſtory intereſting to all who are intereſted in nature; who are capable of the tears of delight or diſtreſs; and

who

who feel the divinity of informing truth, deſcending and fathoming the loweſt depth of their ſouls.

He thus began. In ſome weeks, after I had quitted my firſt kind hoſteſs, I found myſelf, as I imagine, near ſome port on the adjacent coaſt of Flanders. An humble but decent hamlet caught my eye. Being hungry and fatigued, I approached the door; and, taking out the little prating companion of my rambles, I began the moſt chearful air that my melancholy mood would admit at the time.

Quickly after, the door flew open, and the whole family, old and young, came pouring forth and crouded about me. Never did I ſee happineſs ſo joyouſly ſo fully expreſſed as by my circling audience. The little ones

flew

ſlew capering and jumping about like mad things; the elder ones alſo gave adequate ſigns of their pleaſure; and I myſelf felt a kind of contagious delight, ariſing and breaking through the gloom that oppreſſed me, in the ſenſe of my being able to give delight to my auditors.

At length, one of the moſt kindly countenanced women I ever beheld looked wiſtfully at me and ſaid, Ah, my child, you don't look well; perhaps, while you are feaſting us here, you yourſelf are tired or hungry. Pray come in and partake of the beſt we have to give. I would it were daintier fare for your ſake; but we will ſauce it with the heartieſt welcome that all Flanders can afford.

While I ſat at my homely meal, the children in turns laid hold on my pipe;

pipe; and, when they could bring it to any utterance, they laughed, leaped, and exulted, as though they immediately expected to be adepts in muſic.

Some time after I had eaten, I reſumed my inſtrument, and began one of my moſt plaintive and melting airs. But, I had not proceeded through half the tune, when the eldeſt of the ſons, now nearly grown to manhood, burſt into tears: Alas, my mother, he cried, this tune reminds me of our deareſt father. Perhaps, this very day he is either dead or dying, or galled with ſtripes and chains in the dungeons of Barbary.

My kind hoſteſs, hereupon, inſtantly uttered a ſhout of the moſt grievous lamentation: all the family loudly echoed the voice of wailing; I joined my own woe to the general calamity;

and the late houſe of feſtivity immediately became the houſe of mourning and deſolation.

As ſoon as they perceived that I, alſo, was in tears, they reſtrained, as much as they could, the ſtream of their own ſorrow, and gathered round me, careſſing, and kindly ſtriving to conſole me. But I anſwered, No, no my friends, I will not cheat you of your love; it is not your father, but my own loſſes that I lament. Then, ſaid the good matron, as ſoon as you, my ſon, ſhall be pleaſed to acquaint us with your griefs, we will all weep for you, even as you have wept with us. My mother, my mother, I cried, and claſped her to my boſom, my dear, my dear mother, and my brothers and ſiſters all, brothers and ſiſters of my heart!

I found

I found myſelf, I know not how, ſtrongly affected, and inwardly bound to every member of this family, who, with the mother, made ten in number. And I felt that they were to me in the place of thoſe parents and kindred, whoſe faces I had determined never more to behold.

On the following day, as I ſaw they were very numerous, and I feared very poor, I took each of the children apart, from the eldeſt to the leaſt, and preſſed money upon them, alleging it was of no manner of uſe to me: but, they all obſtinately refuſed to accept of any, except the youngeſt, who took ſome bright pieces of ſilver by way of play things.

This youngeſt was a girl, ſcarce ſeven years of age, a moſt bewitching creature, the darling and little idol of

the whole family: her mother was with child of her, at the time that the lamented father was forcibly taken away. Ah, what floods of tears ſhe has coſt me, while I uſed, in a corner, to take her in my arms or between my knees, and ſhed my flow of ſorrows on this little repreſentative of my own idol and darling. She was fond of me to exceſs, and ſaid ſhe would never have any huſband but me.

The name of the father of this family was Aprée. As he was ſubject to the crown of France, he was preſſed on board a frigate of war, and ſent away from his weeping and inconſolable houſhold; neither had they heard any tidings of him ſince his departure, ſave an uncertain report that the veſſel, in which he went, had been taken and pillaged by a Barbary corſair.

As

As I could not find in my heart, on a ſudden, to forſake this amiable family, neither could bear to think of lying a uſeleſs incumbrance upon them, I choſe my province of labour in the garden, while the ſons went to work in the field, and at the harveſt.

Late on an evening, when night had nearly ſhut in, when we had juſt finiſhed a frugal meal, and I had taken up my pipe, in order to tune the minds of our houſhold before they went to reſt; we heard a ſmart rapping at the outward door.

The eldeſt ſon bounced up, and, going out, ſoon returned, introducing a ſtranger. He was of a bold and portly make, of a very ſwarthy complexion, and had too deeply indented cuts, the one on his cheek, the other in his forehead.

Having caſt an obſerving look upon the company, he advanced and ſaid, Mrs. Aprée, I wiſh I had been the meſſenger of happier tidings to you. I bring you news of your huſband. Do you know this token, miſtreſs?

He then preſented her with a ſmall piece of divided gold. She gave a ſhriek at the ſight, catched haſtily at it, preſſed it eagerly to her lips, turned to a death-like paleneſs, and was juſt ſwooning away, when a ſudden guſh of tears came ſeaſonably to her relief.

At length ſhe took time to breathe; when, looking wildly at her gueſt, Tell me, ſhe cried, does he live, does he live, does the father of my little ones ſtill breathe the air? He lives, ſaid the ſtranger. Bleſſed heaven, ſhe muttered, and dropt precipitately on her knees, and raiſed

raiſed her cloſed eyes in a ſilent ejaculation!

Again, ſhe haſtily roſe. He lives, he lives, you ſay; O, the voice that tells me ſo, has a ſong in it more tuneful than a whole choir of angels. But, how is he, where is he, may I look for one ſight of him before I die?

He was my mate and fellow ſlave among the Moors at Tetuan. I happily procured my freedom: but, before I left the city, I bargained for the ranſom of my friend and companion; and, if you are worth ſo much, you may remit it by the ſhip in which I landed.

Run, Jaquinot, exclaimed our mother, not conſidering that it was night, run and ſell all we have, cattle, corn, poultry and farm; if we can but get

your father home, we ſhall be rich paſt all reckoning.

Never, never did I wiſh for wealth till that very hour, and I had a kind of hope that the ardour of my deſires would pull it into my poſſeſſion. I haſtily rumaged my pockets, threw out all the caſh that I thought I was maſter of, when, feeling ſomething hard in the right ſide of my breeches, I thurſt my hand in and drew out about twenty guineas, which had lain there, unknown to me, from the hour I left England; and I eagerly impelled them into the hand of our factor.

He ſtarted thereupon, and turned an admiring eye of tender emotion upon me. You are very bountiful indeed, my young maſter, ſaid he; but even this, with all the effects that theſe poor people are poſſeſſed of, will fall very

very ſhort, I fear, of the ranſom required. And, ſo ſaying, he gently laid the money on the table.

Well, don't be diſcouraged, my deareſt mother, cried out the eldeſt boy, there is a ſhip now in the harbour, waiting to carry ſervants to the French ſettlements in America, and I will go and ſell myſelf to the maſter, and order the money to you, for the redemption of our beloved father from the houſe of his bondage. And I, brother, ſaid the ſecond ſon, will ſell myſelf with you. And I, ſaid the third. And I, alſo, cried out the fourth child (who was a daughter) if they will think it worth while to give any thing for me.

Yes, yes, my precious children, exclaimed the tender mother, we will all go together; I will not be parted from

my babes; we will go and ſell ourſelves to ſervitude, for the deliverance of our beloved, of our huſband and our maſter, our father and firſt friend. If he comes home ſafe and ſound, I know, ſure as I am here, that he will either come to us himſelf, or ſend to us, in his turn, and deliver us from our ſlavery; or, in the laſt extremity, we poor ſlaves ſhall be found true children of that father whoſe ſervice is perfect freedom.

Hereupon, we were all amazed by our gueſt's falling into a ſudden and outrageous fit. He ſunk to earth, threw himſelf proſtrate, roared, wept, and ſobbed aloud. We ſuppoſed him to be ſmitten by ſome quick ſtroke of madneſs; and we all held ourſelves at an alarmed diſtance.

At length he roſe to his knees, and ſtretching his arms toward heaven with a trepid agitation, O God, my God, he exclaimed, you kill, you oppreſs, you cruſh me to death by your bounties! They are inſufferable! O father of mercies, I cannot bear this weight of bleſſedneſs!

Then, turning toward us, he cried, Won't you come near me my wife, won't you come near me, my children? I am your huſband, my Marian, your too too happy huſband. I am your father, my children, that unworthy father, my babes, for whom ye would, juſt now, have ſold yourſelves to ſlavery. Do you not know me, my wife? I am thy Pierre, thy huſband; indeed I am thy huſband: but who is worthy to be the huſband of Marian?

She then drew toward him with a trembling caution, and he roſe and

ſpread his arms, eaſt and weſt, to receive her. But, ſhe declined his embrace, and ſtepping up, like a crazed perſon, ſhe ript open his doublet, and perceiving a large mole in the pit of his ſtomach, ſhe gave a loud ſhriek and ſunk motionleſs on the floor. I haſtened to aſſiſt her; her ſituation wrung my heart. Never had I conceived ſo great an eſteem for any human creature! I beheld her as the bride of God, in whom he had opened his whole heaven upon earth.

Her huſband looked down upon her with a frantic emotion, and, ſeeing her pale, ſpeechleſs, and without ſign of life, he uttered a great cry and fell ſenſeleſs beſide her.

I was near being reduced to the ſame ſtate: but I exerted my ſpirit and powers to give relief to thoſe I loved.

We

We gathered about them in bitter condolance: ſome raiſed, ſome chafed them; while others ran for water and threw it upon them.

At length they came to themſelves, when the good man, looking about him with affections and agitations, not to be deſcribed, Ah, he cried, my God, why haſt thou not made me as the pelican, that I might tear open my boſom, and yield my bowels and vitals for the foſtering of this precious wife and her young ones?

He then caught her to him, and, having held her ſome minutes in a ſilent but rapturous embrace, he turned to his children, took them ſucceſſively to his arms and wept upon each.

Then all became joy and jubilee throughout the company! Such kiſſing,

ſing, careſſing, congratulating and embracing, all around and over again! Each was filled with the joy and exultation of every perſon about them; each engroſſed to themſelves the bleſſedneſs of all; and the happineſs of this houſhold could only be tranſcended by that of heaven itſelf, in adding to the number of the loving and the bleſſed.

While a ſupper, of ſomething more than ordinary, was preparing, my favourite little Amie, the youngeſt of the children came in, and Mrs. Aprée preſented her little angel to the father. Ah, cried he, while he careſſed and gazed fondly upon her, will ye never have done heaping happineſs upon me? And you too, my darling, ſaid he, turning and catching the daughter to him, who had offered herſelf to ſlavery, you ſaid you thought yourſelf of no value;

value; but I would not part with you in exchange for both the Indies, my pearl of countleſs price!

When we ſat down to ſupper, the good man told us, at intervals, how their veſſel had been taken by two Barbary Rovers, after an obſtinate engagement, wherein he had received the two wounds in his face, and two more in his boſom. That, during three ſucceeding years, he laboured, though laden with ſhackles, at the public works in Tetuan; when he, with three more of his moſt robuſt and active companions, filed off their fetters, and fled away at dead of night, croſſing wide rivers, ſwamps, and woods, the habitation of wild beaſts, without any direction or knowledge of the country through which they paſſed. That, after an incredible length of travel, labour, dangers, impending deaths and fatigues, they

they came to a country of negroes, who proved extremely humane and hoſpitable to them: for, ſeeing, ſaid he, that they had nothing to apprehend from our ſmall number, they gave way to that gracious principle of compaſſion and benevolence which deſcended from heaven on the hearts of all born of woman, and which is the moſt bleſſed portion of all who are not leagued with the kingdom of darkneſs. As I had been bred a carpenter, and had my knife, with a file and little ſaw, in my cuſtody, I was pleaſed with the opportunities of obliging our kind hoſts. With the aſſiſtance of my aſſociates, whom I inſtructed for the purpoſe, I daily made many conveniences with a number of admired knick-knacks for their chiefs; and they, in return, loaded us with gold duſt, which, after a variety of long and

fruitleſs

fruitleſs experiments, I became able to reduce and conſolidate into ingots.

This country lay inland, a vaſt diſtance from the borders of the Atlantic; and the natives did not appear to have any kind of commerce with other nations. At length a perſon arrived, who, being of an enterpriſing ſpirit, had, twenty years before, ſet out on his travels to learn the cuſtoms and languages of foreign climates; and he informed his countrymen, that a people, called Engliſh, had lately formed a ſettlement upon the banks of the great and neighbouring river of Gambia; that he had been among them, was entertained with aſtoniſhing kindneſs and generoſity; was commiſſioned by them to preſent, to the princes of his nation, a moſt dazzling treaſure of ineſtimable jewels; and that he was farther commiſſioned, on the part of the Engliſh,

to

to enter into a ſtrict league of free commerce and cloſe alliance, with all his nation.

This overture was accepted, with infinite avidity, by all the negro ſtates. I was appointed their principal ambaſſador and interpreter on this expedition; and, ſoon after, ſet out at the head of a vaſt retinue of people, and cattle heavy laden with duſt and elephant's teeth, which I told them were eſteemed of great value in Europe.

But, madam, it would be too prolix, neither can I recollect the due order or circumſtances of the occurrences that happened to my worthy-hearted hoſt, till he arrived at his native ſoil, and at that happy table where he recited his enchanting hiſtory, till the night was far advanced.

Ah,

Ah, how was I delighted to ſee and to contemplate the correſponding though diverſe agitations and feelings of the mother and children, while the huſband and father recounted the alarming detail of his many adventures! On any ſudden or impending diſaſter, ſome would ſtart, ſome ſhudder, and others, by the contortions of perſon, or horror of countenance, pathetically expreſs how they took to themſelves the whole poignancy of the ſufferings of the head of their houſhold. Again, when any matter of ſucceſs occurred in his ſtory, they would all chuckle and laugh, rub and clap hands, or ſhout out in the burſt of joy and exultation.

When the whole was concluded, and all again compoſed, after ſome farther rounds of congratulatory careſſes, I took out my pipe and played the

the enlivening air of, " Welcome to " hearts and home, thrice welcome " art thou !" And again, on preparing to part for bed, I played and ſung, for the happy couple, the ſweeteſt of all ſongs, the Hymeneal hymn of the firſt pair in Paradiſe.

When I awoke, the next morning, I regretted the ſhort happineſs I had lately enjoyed, while I was carried, as by force, quite out of myſelf, and forgot, in a meaſure, the dear ſource of all my ſorrows. Wherefore, I accuſed myſelf, as of a matter of treaſon to the memory of my beloved; and I determined to tear myſelf away from this family, though dearer to my ſoul than all others upon earth.

But, when I went to bid adieu, they all gathered about me with the moſt doleful group of countenances I had ever

ever beheld. They held, they clung around, and wept aloud, as they had done on the apprehenſion of their father's being dead or in a dungeon.

I could no longer contend againſt the ſtrength of their love. I was wholly overpowered by it, and I conſented for the preſent to defer my departure.

Mr. Aprée, as I ſuppoſe, then went to the port, for he returned, in a few hours, with a ſailor heavy laden with ingots of gold. He eagerly preſſed five or ſix of them upon me, on condition, as he ſaid, that I ſhould ſtay with them, and not break the hearts of the whole family, particularly that of my little wife Amie by forſaking them.

I ſaw

I ſaw that he was diſtreſſed by my refuſal of his donation, and I myſelf was deeply diſtreſſed thereby. But, as the world, with all its wealth, was of no value to me, I never accepted any wages or gratuity, ſave for fear of giving offence by refuſal, where I felt that it hurt me to put a check to the happineſs of the party beſtowing, by rejecting the good will that the bounty contained; for I have known ſeveral inſtances, where the pride of the receiver hath put a ſtop to many bleſſings that might have mutually enriched both himſelf and the giver.

Wherefore, in order to compromiſe matters in the beſt manner I could, I begged him to beſtow upon me this African gem, which I promiſed through all extremes to preſerve for his ſake.

As I could no more think of taking a formal adieu, I roſe ſoft and ſilent by midnight, and, ſlipping down through a caſement, made a mournful eſcape.

On my way, as I reflected on the floods of kindly tears that would beſhed for my departure, I watered the long road, as I went along, with my own; and at night I laid me down in a poor and bleak hovel, the moſt deſolate and forlorn of all the human ſpecies!

As I had no way, no will left, no work to do upon earth; I travelled on I know not whither, I ſuppoſe for near a twelve-month, without note of any matter, or being able to recollect any paſſage that perſonally regarded myſelf.

On

On a day, in Germany, as I after found, I had got to the top of a hill, and perceived at a diſtance a large houſe of entertainment. I felt an unuſual keenneſs of appetite at the time, and I quickened my pace in order to ſatisfy my hunger.

On the road I obſerved, and ſoon overtook a little lad, who went ſoftly and drooping before me. The air of melancholy, that appeared in his geſture and gait, gave me a prejudice in his favour, and I ſaluted him with a heart and voice of affection.

On turning, he ſhewed me one of the moſt gracious and ſweet minded countenances I had ever ſeen.

Pray, my pretty lad, ſaid I, where are you going? Indeed, ſir, he baſhfully anſwered, I know not, myſelf;

it is juſt as it may happen. And, what is it that you have got in your ſatchel? A little fiddle, ſir. And, can you play upon it? No ſir, I only ſcrape, and that very ſadly: but it helps to keep me from ſtarving; for when people hear what a poor player I am, I believe that it ſerves to ſtir their pity toward me, and ſo I get more by playing ill than well.

But, may I be ſo free as to aſk, what makes you ſo ſad? Ah, don't enquire after that, my dear ſir, I beg of you; unleſs you have a mind to ſet me a weeping.

Hereupon I dropped a tear, and ſuppreſſed my curioſity till we arrived at the inn, where I ordered a warm dinner for my fellow traveller and myſelf.

When the rage of hunger, as the great poet terms it, was aſſuaged, I took out a Louis-d'or and putting it into his hand, Here, my ſweet fellow, ſaid I, pay the reckoning out of this, and then put whatever remains into your own pocket. O, my deareſt ſir, cried he, catching and kiſſing my hand, I can no longer deny you any thing; I am ready to ſatisfy you concerning the queſtion you aſked.

My father lived in a village ſome ten miles from hence. He was a ſilk weaver by trade; and, with the help of my eldeſt brother whom he bred to his own buſineſs, he maintained himſelf, his wife, and ſeven children of us, ſons and daughters; and, as I was his favourite, he ſent me to ſchool, where I learned reading, and writing, and to make and caſt up figures.

But,

But, now comes the heavy part of my ſorrowful ſtory. My dear father died of a diſtemper that was going; and my dearer mother, whom I loved better than my eyes or than my eyes loved the light, fell in a ſwoon upon my father's dead body, and never after recovered, though we poured the water of our tears upon her, in as great plenty as would nearly have filled her coffin.

As our parents had lived up to the beſt of their earnings, we poor orphans were obliged to ſell their bed and bedding, to pay the mournful coſt of putting their duſt to duſt.

After the burial, as ſoon as we could open our ſwelled eyes to ſee one another, our eldeſt brother called us together. My dear children, ſaid he, for, good-for-nothing and young as I am, I am,

woe the day, your only father now! I called you that we may conſult, the beſt we can, how to keep our little houſhold from falling to beggary. As for me, I am willing to work harder and harder than ever. Matthew here is a ſturdy fellow, and may be of great help; and ſo I am deſirous of teaching him the buſineſs, and of taking him into partnerſhip. As for our three ſweet ſiſters, they may give us great aſſiſtance, by ſtill carrying on their ſpinning and winding. Our youngeſt brother, as ye all know, muſt be fed and reared, till he is grown to do ſomething for himſelf or for us; and as for our deareſt Tom here, meaning me, it ſhall go very hard, but I will keep him to his ſchool-learning, till ſomething handſome may turn out for him.

No, my brother, my father, no, cried I, pulling him into my heart! What,

What, ſhall I be fed and cockered by the ſweat of the brows and the labour of the hands of thoſe, for whom I wiſh to work my own hands to the bone? O, never, never, indeed! The bit that I ſhould chew at ſuch a price, would choak me. No, my dears and my darlings all! I learned, as ye know, to ſcrape away at the fiddle; ſo I will take my inſtrument with me, and go in heaven's name to ſeek my fortune and your fortune; and, if it ſhall pleaſe God to ſend me good luck, ye know that I will not keep any matter of good from you.

I then put my fiddle in its bag, and prepared to be gone.—But here—ſir—I fear, I cannot go on—it breaks my very heart-ſtrings.—For, when they ſaw me reſolved to go, they got all about me, and tore me from one to the other as though they would have

me to pieces. And then they all together ſet up ſuch a doleful cry, as was enough to awake our dear parents in their graves. However, in ſpite of myſelf, I tore myſelf away, though it ſeemed as if my limbs were tearing from each other.

Here, my young friend put a period to his little narrative; and quickly after, a large company of carriages, riders, and ſervants with ſumpter horſes, ſwept up to the door.

Immediately, all was hurry and buſtle throughout; and a prepared dinner was ſerved up with all poſſible diſpatch.

In ſome time a waiter, with a very earneſt face, came where my brother fiddler and I ſat. If any one here, ſaid he, has a piece of reſin, his for-

tune

tune is made. Here is the great muſician Signior Dominichino, and all the reſt of the company are met to hear him play: but his ſervant forgot to put reſin in his fiddle caſe, and a great ſum is offered to any who can immediately procure it.

My companion then took out a large piece from his pocket, and generouſly offered it without condition to the waiter; but I haſtily ſtopped his hand, and ſaid I would take the delivery upon myſelf.

Then entering a vaſt parlour where the company were ſeated, and reſpectfully ſaluting them, Gentlemen, ſaid I, here is the reſin required; and, were it mine, it ſhould be freely and heartily at your ſervice. But, perhaps, I ought to make the moſt of it in behalf of a young friend, a very unhappy

but very amiable orphan, to whom I have taken a ſudden and ſingular liking. However, gentlemen, I leave matters to your own generoſity, when ye ſhall ſee him; his countenance, I am confident, will prove a much better orator in his favour than I am. I then gave them a brief ſummary of little Tom's hiſtory, by which many ſeemed affected, and my friend was called in.

Come here, my child, ſaid Dominichino; can you play on the fiddle? No ſir, but I earneſtly wiſh to learn; and what will you give me, if I teach you? I will give you myſelf, ſir; all the love and duty and ſervice of my life. A bargain, cried the great muſician.

All then put their hands in their pockets, and made a bountiful contribution for my poor little fellow.

Good

Good ſir, ſaid I then to Signior Dominichino, will you be ſo indulgent as to allow your little ſervant here to return, a few miles off, to his deſolate brothers and ſiſters, and to give them that money toward the purchaſe of materials for carrying on their trade? With all my heart, ſaid the muſician; and here is ſomething more for ſo charitable a purpoſe.

We all, then, made a ſecond contribution for this orphan family, and ſent my Tommy away, laden with wealth and half frantic with joy, praying, bleſſing, exulting, and laſtly burſting into tears, while my ſpirit went with him to embrace his brothers and ſiſters one by one.

The company then preſſed me to ſit down and take a glaſs with them, and the celebrated artiſt began to tune his

inſtrument. His fingers, as it were magically, flew over and along the ſtrings: his execution ſurpaſſed any thing I had ever heard; it captivated and pleaſed the ear after a wonderful manner: but then it gave us rather admiration than delight; it was wholly void of pathos, and never carried a ſingle ſentiment or affection to the heart.

In ſome ſix or eight months after, within the confines of Sweden, as I conjecture, while I was paſſing on my way through a clean-looking village, I ſaw the preſident of the diſtrict coming up the ſtreet attended by two men in livery, who held, between them, a weeping priſoner of about twelve years of age.

As I felt the diſtreſs of the child, I ſtopt to learn his accuſation, and to attend

tend the iſſue of an affair in which I found myſelf intereſted.

Soon after, the great man ſtopt at a decent hamlet, and ordered the maſter of the houſe to be called. Carnaro, ſaid he, I have here brought a young reprobate to you; and deſire to know what meaſure of puniſhment you think due to his guilt? What is his treſpaſs, my lord, demanded the villager, looking wiſtfully and mournfully toward his child? He is a felon, cried the preſident; he ſtole ſome of my apples; theſe men caught him in the fact.

Pedro, ſaid the good man, you hear what they witneſs againſt you. It is true, father, anſwered, the boy, it is but too true; and yet it was but two apples, and though they looked very red they were alſo very little ones; and I only pulled them from the hedge that

grows along the high road. Road or no road, cried the ennobled peaſant, you knew they were none of your property; did not your conſcience accuſe you, Pedro, at the time that you did it? It did, father, it did; and I am well ſatisfied to be ſeverely corrected for my fault.

I thought then that I could have thruſt the little fellow into my heart. Ah, ſaid I to myſelf, I queſtion if all the merits of all thine accuſers amount to the virtue even of thy tranſgreſſion.

The father then ordered his ſon to ſtrip, and, dropping a tear, and raiſing a hazle ſwitch that he had in his hand, he chaſtiſed him without ſparing; while the child, inwardly ſtriving to ſuppreſs his complaints, cried, It is right, father, it is right; God bleſs your hands, my father!

At length, the great man interfered, and acknowledged that he had received ſufficient ſatisfaction. It is not, anſwered Carnaro, to do juſtice to your lordſhip, but to do juſtice to the principles of my child, that I chaſtiſe him; and if you will allow me, I will do equal juſtice upon others who are delinquents in this matter. With all my heart, Carnaro; but tell me who they are.—They are your apple-trees, my lord, which too laviſhly reach forth the goods of their maſter, to tempt unwary travellers who may be faint by the way; and, with my will, I would lop them off every tree at the root.—You muſt ſpare my trees, Carnaro. Then, my lord, ſaid he boldly, you acknowledge yourſelf a party with the tranſgreſſors.

The great man anſwered not, but turned and walked away.

While

While goodman Carnaro ſtepped to and again before his own door, in ſilent though apparent agitation, I entered the houſe without invitation, and yet with as much freedom as though it had been the houſe of my kindred or old acquaintance. For I felt, within myſelf, a native right and claim to this humbly noble family.

The firſt object that preſented itſelf was the mother conſoling and weeping over her ſon. Ah miſtreſs, ſaid I, ſtepping haſtily up, lament not, but rather glory over your child; give alſo glory to God, who has informed him with principles ſo highly divine.

I then took the lad from her, and, fondly careſſing him, My friend and my brother, ſaid I, wherever I ſtay, or wherever I go, I ſhall always remember, eſteem, and love you. The child

child looked greatly abaſhed, and cried, O, ſir, do not put me to more ſhame by your praiſes; you know I have been a very naughty boy.

I took a ſtrong and cordial prejudice in favour of this family. However, I forbore to indulge myſelf by any reſidence with them; and, after two days, I pulled myſelf away from their growing endearments.

Eight or ten months after, on a fine ſummer's morning, while I was playing on my flagellet through the ſtreets of Madrid, I was called into a ſhop where a lovely young woman, in clean and pleaſing apparel, ſold hard ware and matters of crockery. Come, my lad, ſaid ſhe, we are juſt going to breakfaſt, come and ſit down along with us and give my children a tune. She then took me condeſcendingly by the hand,

led

led me into a neat parlour that faced the ſtreet door, and deſired me to ſit at table, where coffee and cakes were ready laid.

Surely, there is ſomewhat ſympathetic in the depth of the nature of man, that takes cordial and quick acquaintance with kindred or congenial ſouls; ſome internal magnetiſm, or matter of ſilky attraction, whereby we are kindly drawn to affect each other! In ſhort, I had not been above five minutes in the company of this ſweetly looking and ſweetly ſpeaking creature, when, paſſing the outward form and boundaries of fleſh, my ſpirit entered and careſſed her's as fondly and warmly as though ſhe had been my ſiſter.

I ſat down, as ſhe had ordered me, and began a tune, when, at the firſt notes, a lovely little boy and a ſtill

lovelier

lovelier girl came capering into the room. Having firſt jointly embraced and clung about their mother, they came cloſe to me, one on each ſide, looking up to my face, and greatly wondering how I made the little inſtrument to ſpeak ſo prettily, as they termed it.

While we were thus entertained, a man in mean apparel, but of a graceful port and mien, came and ſtood at the outer door. Madam, ſaid he, heſitating, and baſhfully looking in, will you allow a poor ſtranger and traveller to ſit down and reſt himſelf? By all means, ſaid ſhe courteouſly, ſtep in, I pray you; and if you will come and do as we do, you are heartily welcome.

The man's dejected countenance brightened up into high pleaſure at this kindly invitation; and he caſt on

our

our hoſteſs a look of ſuch impaſſioned love, as I never ſaw given by any being to another.

Having eaten a piece of cake, and ſipped a diſh of coffee, Pray, madam, ſaid he, are not you of the family of the Pachecos? Yes ſir, ſaid ſhe reſpectfully: my huſband too is of noble deſcent, and is the firſt of his name that ever followed a trade. He was a young officer in the troops, when we married for love. This ſtep irreconcileably offended my eldeſt brother, at whoſe diſpoſal my father had unhappily left me: he refuſed to pay my fortune; and, as my huſband had little more than the grandeur of his title, we were reduced to earn our bread by our preſent occupation. But, the providence of our God can enrich, and his bleſſing can ennoble the meaneſt profeſſion.

Madam,

Madam, rejoined the ſtranger, I had the honour of being acquainted with one of your name in the Weſt-Indies, from whence I am but lately returned. Of my name? cried ſhe, and ſtarted up from her ſeat, perhaps—perhaps, my youngeſt brother, my deareſt Jeronimo? His name indeed was Jeronimo, replied the traveller. He was once in affluent circumſtances: but the hand that opens, can ſhut; and He who gives plentifully, bleſſed be his name, can alſo take away! Low as your brother may be in the world, he is not forgetful of you. He deſired me to ſeek you out, and to remind you of him by a ſure and loving token, that when ye were both children, and he happened to break the great pier looking-glaſs, you took the blame and the puniſhment upon yourſelf. Ah, ſhe exclaimed, looking piercingly at him, mayhap you are he? I am, indeed;

I am

I am your brother, your Jeronimo, my deareſt Thereſa!

She then uttered a great ſhout, and ſprung and caught at him, and repeatedly folding him to her boſom, ſhe wept aloud; while he, bending his head to her breaſt, wept with her, and tenderly and paſſionately anſwered to all her endearments. O, now, ſhe cried, it is now that I wiſh for wealth, that I might communicate and impart to the occaſions of my brother. As for me, I am rich enough; God has given me my Jeronimo, and he is great poſſeſſions.

He then turned, and beholding the two delighting infants, Are theſe your's, my ſiſter? Yes, they are thoſe whom God was pleaſed to ſend to comfort me in the days of my affliction, when all other relations refuſed to acknowledge me.

me. Hereupon he took them fondly between his knees, and kiſſing and careſſing them, he cried, My little brother and my little ſiſter! my fleſh and my bone!

After ſome more time ſpent in rapturous though incoherent queſtions and anſwers, even as between lovers in their firſt ſtage of love, Don Pedro de Caravalla happened to come in. He was of a tall and haughty ſtature; but then this offence was wholly atoned by the humbled dignity and amiableneſs of his aſpect and demeanour. He was apparelled, agreeable to his mortifying ſtation, in a labourer's frock and apron; for he had induſtriouſly learned to make the wares that he ſold, and was beginning to come on and thrive amain.

My dear, ſaid his bleſſing conſort, this is our brother Jeronimo, whom you

you have ſo often heard me mention with expreſſions of delight, as well as tears of anguiſh. Alas! he, like us, has encountered his misfortunes, and is reduced in the world; but, we think of misfortune no more, now that we have got him.

Don Pedro then quickly eyed Jeronimo from head to foot, and opening his arms, and affectionately embracing him, he cried, The brother of my Thereſa is a large part of myſelf.

When all were ſeated and ſettled, My brother, ſaid Don Pedro, though we have loſt of our dignity, God has been pleaſed greatly to bleſs and proſper our endeavours. I rejoice at it for your ſake, and for my own alſo. I cannot, indeed, but grieve at your loſſes; but am ſo ſelfiſh, as to wiſh to make them my own gains. Come then,

then, thou deareſt brother of thy Pedro and thy Thereſa, come and dwell with us. You ſhall have the whole of our hearts, and the half of our poſſeſſions; and the love of God, and of each other, ſhall be our abundant treaſure. My nobleſt, my nobleſt brother! cried Jeronimo in a tranſport, while he claſped Pedro's hand, the tear ſtarting from his eye.

Do you propoſe, my brother, ſaid Thereſa, to ſee the family of the Pachecos? No, never to ſee them again, if I can avoid their deteſtable faces, anſwered Jeronimo. I have already been with them, our two brothers and our two equally unnatural ſiſters. They are all nearly as opulent as they are proud and contumacious. They ſcorned to hold any acquaintance with my poverty, and even refuſed to caſt their eye on the teſtimonials that I was of their

blood. God reform them, prayed Thereſa, though he ſhould bring them, even by ſuffering, to a ſenſe of their guilt!

Here, Don Pedro went out to order a dinner anſwerable to the welcome of his gueſt, while I took up a guittar that lay on a ſide table, and touching it, ſung and played, "How bleſſed the "meeting! &c."

Though, in the general, throughout my travels, I was wholly ſhut in from the world and its concerns, and ſolely converſant with the heart-ſinking, heart-rending, yet heart-delighting remembrance of the long loſt and lamented object of every affection; though, while my ſoul dwelt and brooded over the for ever revolved inſtances of our infantine connections, of the toyſomneſs and faſcinating fooleries

of

of our childhood, and turned with diſguſt from all that might divert it from its capital concern; I have yet ſhewn you, that, at times, I have been reluctantly taken away from the darling ſubject of my meditations; but never, ſave where the occaſion called me forth to ſomething ſimilar and congenial to my feelings for my beloved, to the emotions that were intereſting to a fond and melting heart.

We ſat down to dinner together; and, as I found myſelf quite happy in the happineſs of this exulting family, I gave a looſe to an unuſual gaiety of diſpoſition, and each perſon at table was delightingly elated in the joys of the company; for our feſtivity was that of hearts, and not of merry-making.

When we had finiſhed a flaſk of wine, Don Jeronimo roſe to be gone.

His hoſts preſſed him to ſtay; but he told them he had ſome little matters to tranſact, and that he would be with them in two or three days at fartheſt. He then ſlipt a piece of money into my hand; when, looking and perceiving that it was a piſtole, Excuſe me, ſir, ſaid I, indeed I cannot take it; you may want it yourſelf: and, dare I take the liberty, I would gladly add five more of my own money to it. I was miſtaken, ſaid he careleſly, and returned it into his pocket; then, eying me with ſurprize and a fixed attention, Brother, ſaid he earneſtly, don't ſuffer this youth to depart till I have ſeen you again.

In truth, I did not find myſelf inclined to depart, at leaſt while I ſaw them depreſſed in their fortunes and dignities. For, though I never payed great deference to dignity in high ſtation,

tion, yet my heart felt kindly for it, and bowed down before it, when I ſaw it in diſtreſs.

During the abſence of Don Jeronimo, Don Pedro and his wife took an extraordinary partiality to me. Our hearts were akin; and they ſaw that I was active and intereſted in all their concerns. The children alſo, with their will, would never be from my ſide; and they engaged me to be a party in all their little fooleries. This reminded me of the times paſt, never more to return! and the ſigh heaved and heaved in my boſom, and the tear ſtole down in ſecret.

In three days after, Don Jeronimo entered attired as before. He came juſt as we were ſitting down to dinner, and joy brightened in every countenance at his preſence. Come, my friends, ſaid

he, I will make one with you, and muſt put you to the coſt of another flaſk.

During our repaſt, madam Thereſa dropt ſome very intereſting queſtions; and we gathered from her brother's anſwers, that he had gone to New Spain when very young, and had changed his name on his marriage with a great heireſs: that his wife was now dead, but had left him a daughter, his only child, now turned of thirteen years of age. And where is this precious daughter, my deareſt brother, cried Thereſa; ſhall I not ſee her, ſhall I not embrace her as my own bowels, my brother? She will be here in an hour or two, if ſhe does not forget my directions, ſlightly anſwered Jeronimo.

When the cloth was removed, and a temperate glaſs had gone about, My noble

noble brother, ſaid Jeronimo, I hope I have brought to you what may entitle me to a third flaſk, ſhould there be occaſion. I belong to the duke and governor of Lima, who is lately returned to court. I knew he was a juſt and compaſſionate man; and I took the liberty of repreſenting to him the wrong that our brother had done you. He reſented it as highly as though it had been his own caſe; and he procured an order on our eldeſt brother for ſeven thouſand piſtoles, being your dividend, my ſiſter, of the perſonal fortune of our father.

He then put his hand to his boſom, and taking out a piece of parchment, Here, ſaid he, is the order, ſigned by his majeſty's firſt miniſter and the chief juſticiary; you have nothing to do but to ſend and receive your money.

How glad I am of this, my nobleſt brother, exclaimed Pedro, bouncing up and clapping his hands! why, this money may be the means of retrieving all your loſſes. My loſſes, my brother? Sure no part of it belongs to me. Indeed, but the whole is your own right and property, replied the generous Pedro; we ſhould never have fingered a maravedi of it, had it not been of your procuring; beſides, my Thereſa and I can do very well without. You muſt not perſuade me to be guilty of ſuch a robbery, ſmilingly anſwered Jeronimo. Well then, rejoined Pedro, I'll tell you how we will compromiſe matters; you ſhall only take ſix thouſand, and we will accept the ſeventh, as a gift at your hands; that, with our own induſtry, will make us abound: what ſay you, my Thereſa? I ſay, anſwered Thereſa, that the half of that ſeventh, with the poſſeſſion of our Jeronimo,

ronimo, will be more than the world's wealth.

While they were in the midſt of this warm altercation of love and generoſity, the dazzling ſtate coach of the lord governor of Lima, drawn by ſix bounding jennets, rolled up to the door. All of us, ſave Don Jeronimo, ſtarted up in aſtoniſhment. My heavens! exclaimed Thereſa, if this ſhould happen to be the lord governor himſelf, how ſhall we do to receive him ſuitable to his own greatneſs and our obligations? Do not alarm yourſelf, my ſiſter, careleſly ſaid Jeronimo; I believe there is no one but my daughter in the coach.

Here, we caſt a confuſed and inquiſitive eye on each other, as deſirous of aſking what all this might mean?—— We were ſoon put out of doubt. The

duke's gentleman ſlipt from behind, and went and reſpectfully opened the coach door, when, out jumped a young lady, and tript nimbly into the houſe. As ſhe entered the parlour, ſhe gracefully and ſmilingly curtſied to all about; then, flying to Don Jeronimo, ſhe claſped him about the neck and repeatedly kiſſed his forehead, ſaying, I hope, my lord, I have punctually performed your orders.

She then turned, and advancing paſſionately to Donna Thereſa, My heart tells me, ſaid ſhe, that this is my precious aunt, the only relation that would acknowledge her poor little Agnes, and the only relation that her Agnes will ever acknowledge! Here ſhe claſped and repeatedly kiſſed her with ardour; while the aunt ſtood quite confounded, and as a ſtatue, in the midſt of her careſſes.

She

She then turned to Don Pedro, and ſurveying him with a piercing attention, If I miſtake not, ſaid ſhe, this is my noble uncle, who, however overcaſt, as the ſun is at times, has graced the nobility of our blood with the better dignity of his virtues: ſo ſaying, and circling him as cloſe as ſhe could with her little arms, Henceforth, ſhe cried, be you another father to me, a ſecond beloved and honoured father!

Ah, how ardent, and how ſweet, are the affections of unbiaſſed innocence, before they are called off by the fooleries of faſhion, or narrowed by the ſtill baſer attention to ſelf! This creature appeared all angel, a ſeraphic flame of love. She was, I believe, one of the loveliеſt brunettes whom the warmly gazing ſun had ever tinctured with his beams. Her features were a group of ſentiments; her eyes looked as the in-

terpreters of a little heaven within her; and her complexion ſeemed to ſay to the lily and carnation, Away from me, ye have no part in the province of beauty! I ſaw, wondered, approved, and looked at her with delight, while yet my heart refuſed to take any intereſt in her.

She then turned to me: I fancy, ſaid ſhe ſmiling, that you are the youth who wanted to enrich the governor of Lima; and, the leaſt that becomes us, on our part, is to return ſome little inſtance of your own generoſity: be pleaſed to wear this ring, in remembrance of him who is my deareſt father, and very much your friend. She then preſented me with a brilliant of the firſt water; while I ſtruggled within myſelf, between the indelicacy of rejecting her favour, and the reluctance I felt in being ſo richly obliged.

At length, beholding the little infants who were unconcernedly ſporting in a corner, ſhe ran to them, and ſtooping and kiſſing and toying with them, Will ye let me into your baby houſe, will ye have me for a little play fellow, my darlings, ſhe cried; or will ye have me for a little mother? I promiſe to be a very tender and loving little mother to you, indeed.

All the myſtery was now unfolded; no room was left for farther queſtion or doubt. We ſat down again to our wine: but the family, for a time, appeared conſtrained and overawed by the dignity of the perſons who ſat before them; till the duke, by the eaſe and affability of his manners, ſunk down to the level of thoſe about him, and ſo reſtored all to freedom, feſtivity, and joy.

I declare to you, that, for a time, I had wholly loſt the remembrance of my own griefs and concerns, and lived only in the happineſs of the bliſsful company about me. "Brother, ſaid the governor, you will oblige me by quitting your preſent houſe and occupation; and here your Agnes preſents you with a bill of ten thouſand piſtoles, to put you into an equipage ſuitable to the poſt and ſtation that the king has appointed for you. Here Don Pedro ſtarted up, and would have caſt himſelf at the feet of his benefactor; but the duke caught him in his arms, and cried, Do not ſeek to oppreſs me, my brother; theſe acknowledgments are painful to me. Under the ſemblance of diſtreſs and poverty, you took me to your boſom, and would have ſhared your ſubſtance with me. But I am too proud to be outdone either in love or generoſity. I have not yet payed you the half of

what is due to your own merits; nor even a tenth of what is due to the huſband of my Thereſa.

Here Thereſa ſtrove to ſpeak, but utterance was denied her: ſhe would have ariſen to throw herſelf under the feet of her Jeronimo, but ſhe remained all pale and motionleſs in her ſeat.

We were all fearfully alarmed at the agitation under which ſhe laboured. Don Pedro, lady Agnes, and I, ran precipitately ſeveral ways to get matters to relieve her; while her brother haſtily took a ſeat beſide her: then, fondly bending over, and laying her head in his boſom, Great and gracious power, he cried, take, take the Indies, but O, leave me my Thereſa!

An hyſterical fit of tears at length reſtored her to us, but did not ſuddenly reſtore

reſtore us to our late ſpirits and gaiety.

I had obſerved, from the beginning, that Don Jeronimo, at times, uſed to eye me with a penetrating attention, as if ſeeking to know what I was, or could be, more than my preſent appearance. He then would aſk me ſeveral queſtions, and ſeemed pleaſed and ſometimes ſtruck by the peculiarity of my anſwers.

As ſoon as we were compoſed and ſettled from the late alarm, he fixed an uncommon look of tenderneſs upon me. I think, ſaid he, it were a pity that any of the preſent company ſhould ever be parted from the reſt; what ſay you to it, my Thomaſon? I ſay, my lord, that, were I in ſearch after happineſs, I ſhould never bear to be divided or torn away from your lordſhip.

You

You oblige me inexpreſſibly, returned the duke, with ſome emotion. I henceforth ſet you down and ſeal you for my own. I will take the charge of your fortunes entirely on myſelf; I will procure you a place at court, as near my own perſon as poſſible; and here is a bill for a thouſand piſtoles upon the city-bank, to put yourſelf into a retinue that may anſwer to the ſtation for which I intend you.

I looked down; I was ſilent; I was diſtreſſed paſt expreſſion. I put the bill a little from me, with a motion of the deepeſt acknowledgment and reſpect. No, my lord, ſaid I, with a gliſtening tear, I cannot, indeed I cannot, either accept of your farther bounties, or cloſe with your propoſals. What, ſaid he, with a riſing kind of indignation, are you ſo very lofty? Do you ſpurn my friendly offers? Do you

you reject all the inſtances of my love, with diſdain?

O, my lord, cried I, how you oppreſs me, how widely you miſtake my purpoſe! I accept, I embrace, with unſpeakable gratitude, the whole of the benevolence that your largeſſes contain; it is precious, it is truly enriching to my ſoul; the memory thereof ſhall endure with my exiſtence; and I ſhall weep over the recollection of your unmerited goodneſs to me, when I am doomed to behold my friend and benefactor no more. Yes, my lord, the kind proof that you have given of your regard, is infinitely dearer and more eſtimable to me than all the wealth and glories that the world can confer: I turn from them with diſguſt; they are of no conſequence to me. Alas, it was from a ſuperabundance of

ſuch

ſuch diſtaſting matters, that I eſcaped and fled away!

You aſtoniſh me above meaſure, exclaimed the duke. Are you not then of this world? Have you not appetites and ſenſations the ſame as we have? I would give a whole province to know who and what you are.

Above all living, my lord, you are entitled to an anſwer. I am an unhappy youth, a voluntary exile from country, parents and kindred. I conceived an invincible paſſion for a lovely young creature—Ah, ſo lovely, as ſcarce to be equalled by your adorable Agnes herſelf!—but death tore her from me, and life is become a deſolation. I wander through the world, avoiding the irkſome ſociety of men, that I may have leiſure to entertain myſelf with the memory of my beloved

loved, to which I am indiſſolubly, eternally wedded.

Then come, my deareſt Thomaſon, cried the governor, with a look inexpreſſibly engaging, come to us and us alone; you ſhall be as utterly ſecreted as you pleaſe from mankind. We ſhall have you all to ourſelves; we ſhall love and delight in you; and, next to my Agnes, my Thereſa, and my Pedro, you ſhall be neareſt to my heart. We will contrive a thouſand means to comfort and conſole you. I myſelf regard the world and the things of the world, near as lightly, perhaps, as you yourſelf, my Thomaſon: but then, I regard love wherever I ſee it, wherever I find it; I regard it as the rareſt and moſt ineſtimable of all treaſures; and I claſp it to my boſom as a portion of myſelf. You muſt not then think of forſaking us, my ſon; I have

ſeen

ſeen that you delight in communicating happineſs; and your departure would fill us all with affliction and regret.

I trembled, and, I believe, turned pale on the occaſion. Ah, my lord, I cried, you pierce, you wring my heart! But it will not, it cannot be; you invite me to miſery, by inviting me to conſolation.

I am as a wintery bird of paſſage, that hates and flies off from the approach of coming ſummer, and goes to reſide amid the froſts and gloomy waſtes of the long-nighted Zembla.

When you, my lord, and your dear friends here, appeared diſtreſſed and in poverty, my ſoul ſought and cleaved to you, as a particle of iron to adamant: but a part of that magnetiſm is now diſſolved; ye are all happy now,

all

all happy in the higheſt degree; and I muſt go again, to ſeek the loved ſeats of affliction.

But, in parting, ſhall I forget you? O, never, never, never! Your happineſs ſhall be my happineſs, the only happineſs I will taſte of. My tears ſhall drop, and drop, on the memory of you all, as I go along the weary and loneſome way; and I will ſoothe and conſole my proper griefs, with the remembrance of your graciouſneſs to a lorn and deſolate ſtranger.

Adieu then, my deareſt lord, friend and habitant of my heart! So ſaying, I threw myſelf at the knees of his highneſs, and ſeizing his hand, I wept plentifully upon it, and they all wept with me.

At

At length I cried, Stop your tears, ſtop your tears, I pray you; I can bear them no longer! I am not going preſently——But, I find myſelf ſick; I will go and lie down a little—I have been too much agitated.

I then roſe and drooped away; and, as I went, eſpied Lady Agnes, with her face to the window, and her back to the company, to conceal her emotions.

By the dawn of the following day I roſe; and gently awaking a man-ſervant, and putting a piece of money into his hand, My good friend, ſaid I, I have earneſt buſineſs abroad, and requeſt you to let me out as ſoftly as poſſible. He accordingly complied. I kiſſed the hoſpitable door at parting; and, moving a melancholy pace through the

the city, I wept my everlaſting adieu to Madrid.

On a day, as my way happened through Valladolid, I perceived a great crowd coming toward me at a diſtance. Advancing farther, I ſaw a genteel-looking man in the hands of ſome officers of juſtice; and approachig, I obſerved that his face was the pale picture of diſmay and deſpair. Pray, ſaid I, to one who walked aloof, is this gentleman a priſoner on account of any crime? No, he anſwered, he is only taken for debt. And how much may his debt amount to? To about three hundred piſtoles, as I am told. But I do not pity him; he well deſerves his fate; for he made, as report goes, but a very ſo ſo huſband to the heavenlieſt wife in the world: there comes the poor creature, with her weeping infants about her.

No

No object, as I imagine, ſo ſtrongly excites the cordial ſenſe called humanity, as female beauty in diſtreſs. But here, it was attended by all the dirgeful accompanyments of helpleſs and wailing infancy, abandoned to oppreſſion, and forſaken of the world. I ſaw, I felt for the wretched father, for the mother lovely in woe, and for all her little turtles, who crouded around to ſhelter themſelves under her drooping wings; and my heart was melted within me by this complication of miſeries.

I now ſorely repented that I had declined the bounteous offers of the duke of Lima, when the precious gift of my lovely lady Agnes occurred to my remembrance. I had wrapped it in a bit of velvet, and thruſt it into a ſecret pocket, and never ſaw or thought of it more till this very inſtant; and ſo I exulted

exulted on the occaſion of employing it to a purpoſe ſo much richer than itſelf. I took it out, and haſtened up to accoſt the fair mourner; when, ſeeing me, ſhe ſtarted and gave a ſhort ſcream: Bleſſed Mary! ſhe cried, you are the very perſon, and in the ſame habit and place in which you appeared to me laſt night, in the depth of my dream, and told me that God had ſent you to my relief. I anſwered not to the point; but, putting the ring into her hand—Here,—ſell this diamond, diſcharge your creditors—and keep the remaining value to your own uſe.—So ſaying, I vaniſhed at the turn of a corner; and left her with the grateful and pious impreſſion on her mind, that God had immediately interpoſed in her favour.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.